ABSOLUTE

MARTIAN MANHUNTER

ALL IN

MARTIAN VISION

DENIZ CAMP
JAVIER RODRÍGUEZ

ALL IN

VOL. 1
MARTIAN VISION

COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!
CARDS & GIFTS
YOU LOOK AROUND.
GROCERIES
PELUQUERIA
COFFEE
COUGH! COUGH!
TODO TIENE...

ALL IN

ABSOLUTE MARTIAN MANHUNTER

VOL. 1

MARTIAN VISION

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Absolute Martian Manhunter Vol. 1: Martian Vision

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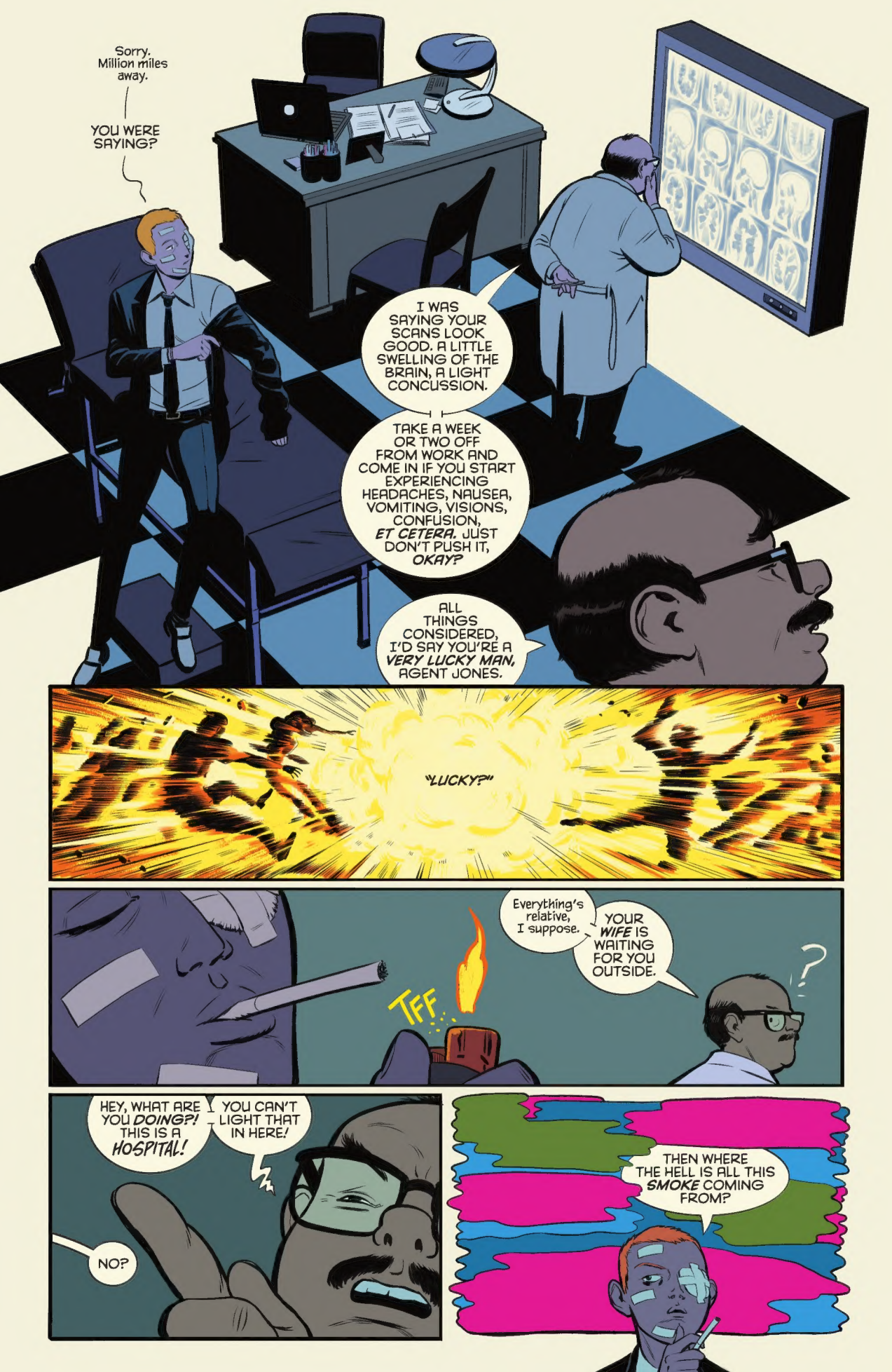
***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #1** cover by Javier Rodríguez

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #1**
variant cover by Guillem March

WHY DO PEOPLE DO THE THINGS THEY DO?
Oh my god, HE'S WEARING A--

SIR? CAN YOU HEAR ME, SIR?
WHY DO SOME PEOPLE BECOME FIREFIGHTERS, AND OTHERS ARSONISTS?
AGENT JONES? CAN YOU HEAR ME, AGENT JONES?
WHY DO SOME PEOPLE BECOME DOCTORS, WHILE OTHERS BECOME KILLERS?
JOHN? CAN YOU HEAR ME, JOHN?
WHY DO TWO PARTICULAR PEOPLE FALL IN LOVE?
HEAR
LISTEN
COMPREHEND
ME?


Sorry. Million miles away.
YOU WERE SAYING?
I WAS SAYING YOUR SCANS LOOK GOOD. A LITTLE SWELLING OF THE BRAIN, A LIGHT CONCUSSION.
TAKE A WEEK OR TWO OFF FROM WORK AND COME IN IF YOU START EXPERIENCING HEADACHES, NAUSEA, VOMITING, VISIONS, CONFUSION, *ET CETERA.* JUST DON'T PUSH IT, *OKAY?*
ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I'D SAY YOU'RE A *VERY LUCKY MAN,* AGENT JONES.
"LUCKY?"
TFF
Everything's relative, I suppose.
YOUR *WIFE* IS WAITING FOR YOU OUTSIDE.
?
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?!* THIS IS A *HOSPITAL!*
YOU CAN'T LIGHT THAT IN HERE!
NO?
THEN WHERE THE HELL IS ALL THIS *SMOKE* COMING FROM?

ABSOLUTE MARTIAN MANHUNTER

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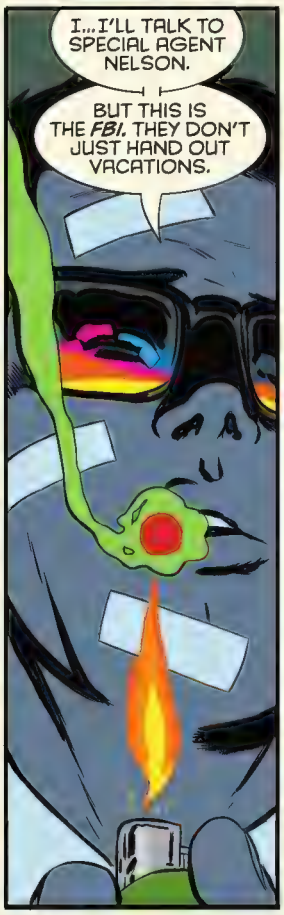
CLEARED FOR IMMEDIATE RETURN TO DUTY?
HOW?!
I THINK THE DOCTOR WAS DISTRACTED. Not all there.
HIS WIFE IS HAVING AN AFFAIR, AND HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT. POOR GUY STILL LOVES HER.
HE TOLD YOU ALL THAT?! DURING AN EXAM?! THAT IS SO UNPROFESSIONAL!
THIS IS INSANE! THE BUILDING YOU WERE IN EXPLODED! IT'S A MIRACLE YOU SURVIVED AT ALL! AND THEY WANT YOU TO GO INTO WORK TOMORROW?
THAT'S THE JOB, BRIDGET.
HOW CAN YOU BE SO COOL ABOUT ALL THIS?!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND WE ALMOST LOST YOU?!

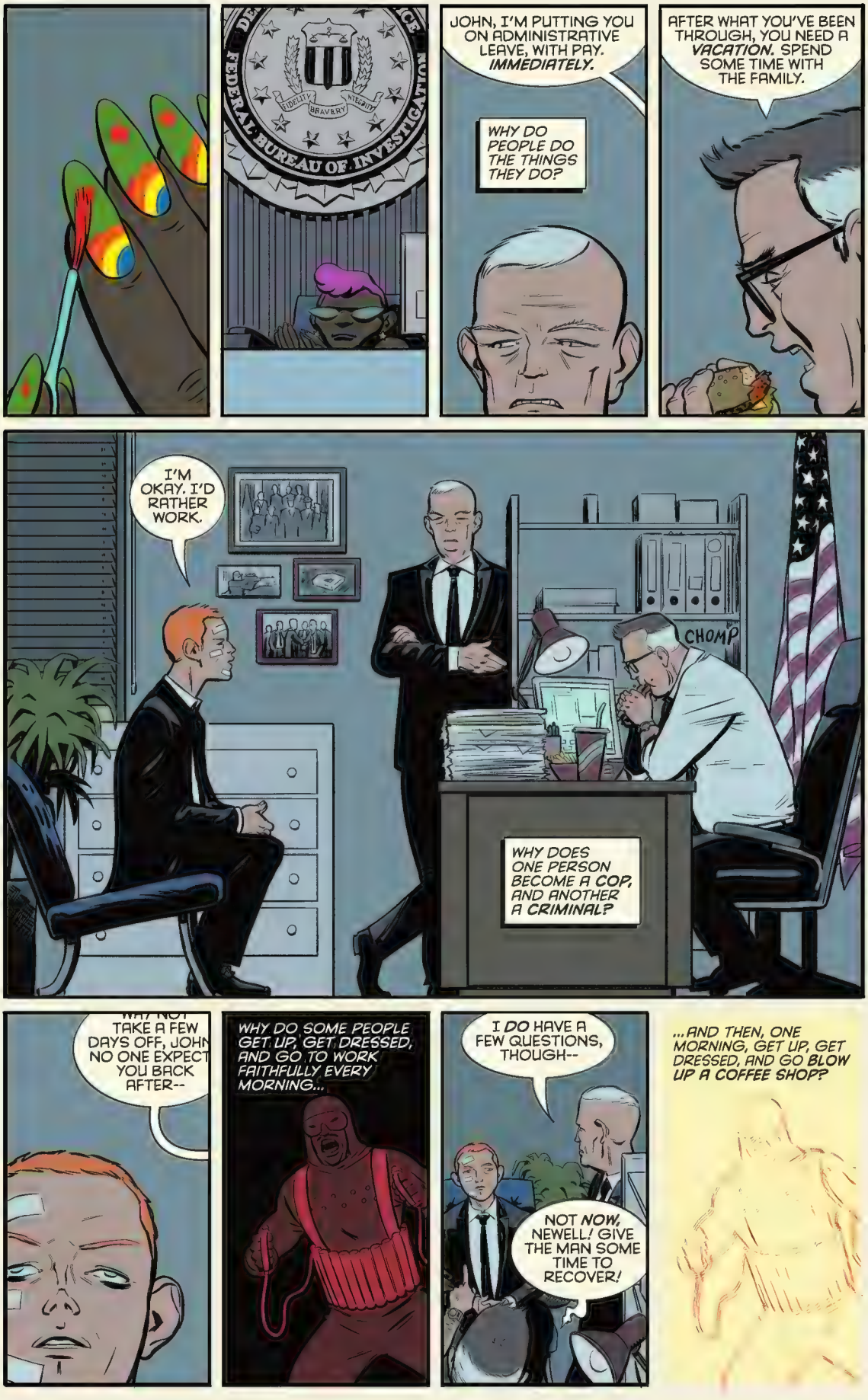
I *NEED* YOU, JOHN. *TYLER* NEEDS YOU.
IS TYLER OKAY?

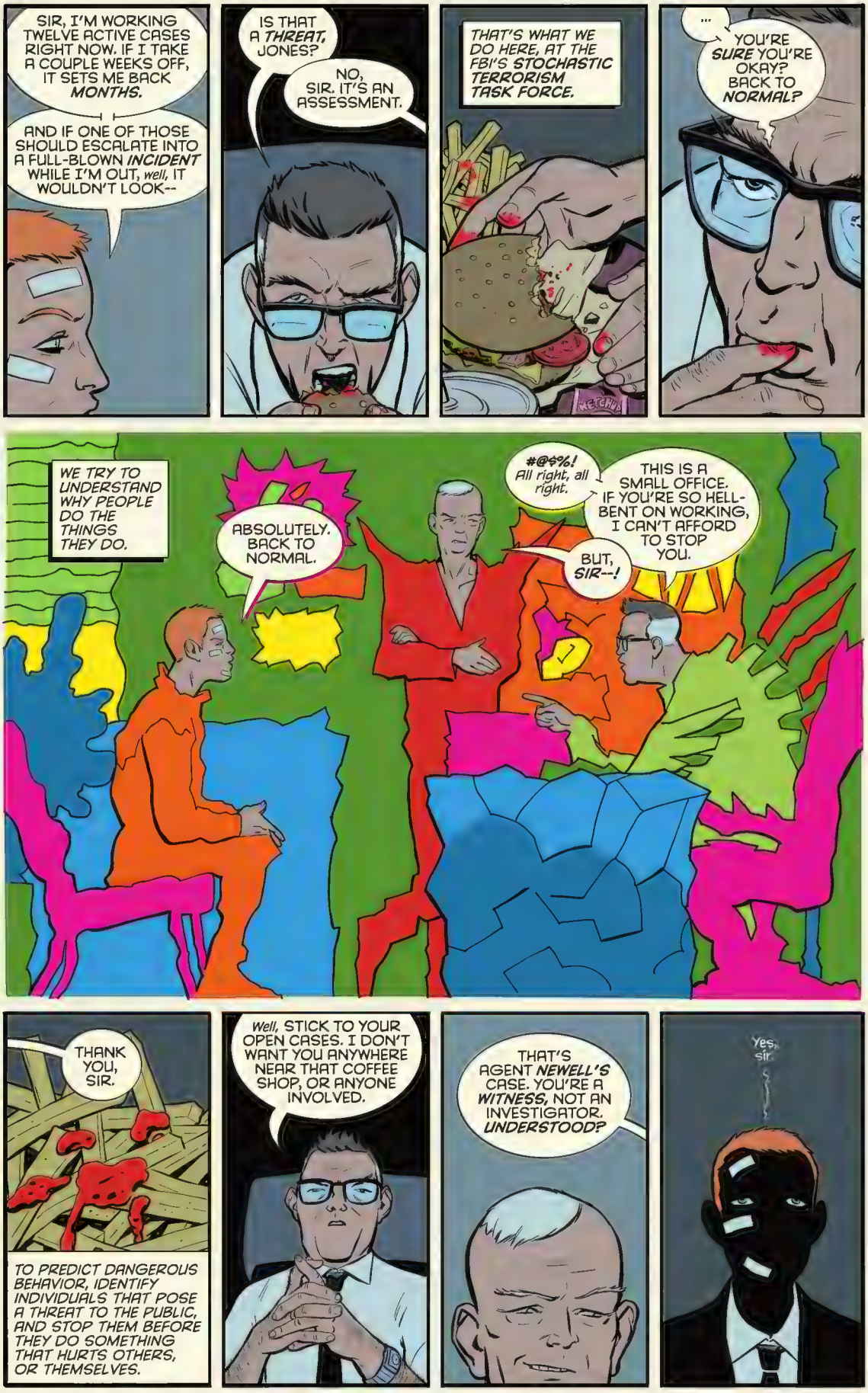
HE'S FINE. CARLA'S WATCHING HIM. I TRIED TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF HE...
...WE HAVE OUR FIRST APPOINTMENT WITH THE NEW SPEECH THERAPIST TOMORROW--
Good. THAT'S GOOD.

YOU'VE BARELY BEEN HOME SINCE YOU JOINED THE TASK FORCE. I DON'T KNOW ANYONE IN MIDDLETON.
I miss my *husband.*

MEMORY OF: DESERT CAMPING TRIP AS BOY. LONELY FIRE BURNING. THIN WISP OF SMOKE ON FAR-OUT HORIZON. FATHER, SAYING--
SADDLE *UP,* PARTNER.


I... I'LL TALK TO SPECIAL AGENT NELSON.
BUT THIS IS THE *FBI.* THEY DON'T JUST HAND OUT VACATIONS.


JOHN, I'M PUTTING YOU ON ADMINISTRATIVE LEAVE, WITH PAY. IMMEDIATELY.
WHY DO PEOPLE DO THE THINGS THEY DO?
AFTER WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH, YOU NEED A VACATION. SPEND SOME TIME WITH THE FAMILY.
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FIDELITY BRAVERY INTEGRITY
I'M OKAY. I'D RATHER WORK.
CHOMP
WHY DOES ONE PERSON BECOME A COP, AND ANOTHER A CRIMINAL?
TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF, JOHN NO ONE EXPECTS YOU BACK AFTER--
WHY DO SOME PEOPLE GET UP, GET DRESSED, AND GO TO WORK FAITHFULLY EVERY MORNING...
I DO HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS, THOUGH--
NOT NOW, NEWELL! GIVE THE MAN SOME TIME TO RECOVER!
...AND THEN, ONE MORNING, GET UP, GET DRESSED, AND GO BLOW UP A COFFEE SHOP?


SIR, I'M WORKING TWELVE ACTIVE CASES RIGHT NOW. IF I TAKE A COUPLE WEEKS OFF, IT SETS ME BACK *MONTHS.*
AND IF ONE OF THOSE SHOULD ESCALATE INTO A FULL-BLOWN *INCIDENT* WHILE I'M OUT, *well,* IT WOULDN'T LOOK--
IS THAT A *THREAT,* JONES?
NO, SIR. IT'S AN ASSESSMENT.
THAT'S WHAT WE DO HERE, AT THE FBI'S ***STOCHASTIC TERRORISM TASK FORCE.***
...
YOU'RE *SURE* YOU'RE OKAY? BACK TO *NORMAL?*
WE TRY TO UNDERSTAND WHY PEOPLE DO THE THINGS THEY DO.
ABSOLUTELY. BACK TO NORMAL.
#@$%! *All right, all right.*
THIS IS A SMALL OFFICE. IF YOU'RE SO HELL-BENT ON WORKING, I CAN'T AFFORD TO STOP YOU.
BUT, *SIR--!*
THANK YOU, SIR.
TO PREDICT DANGEROUS BEHAVIOR, IDENTIFY INDIVIDUALS THAT POSE A THREAT TO THE PUBLIC, AND STOP THEM BEFORE THEY DO SOMETHING THAT HURTS OTHERS, OR THEMSELVES.
Well, STICK TO YOUR OPEN CASES. I DON'T WANT YOU ANYWHERE NEAR THAT COFFEE SHOP, OR ANYONE INVOLVED.
THAT'S AGENT ***NEWELL'S*** CASE. YOU'RE A ***WITNESS,*** NOT AN INVESTIGATOR. ***UNDERSTOOD?***
Yes, sir.

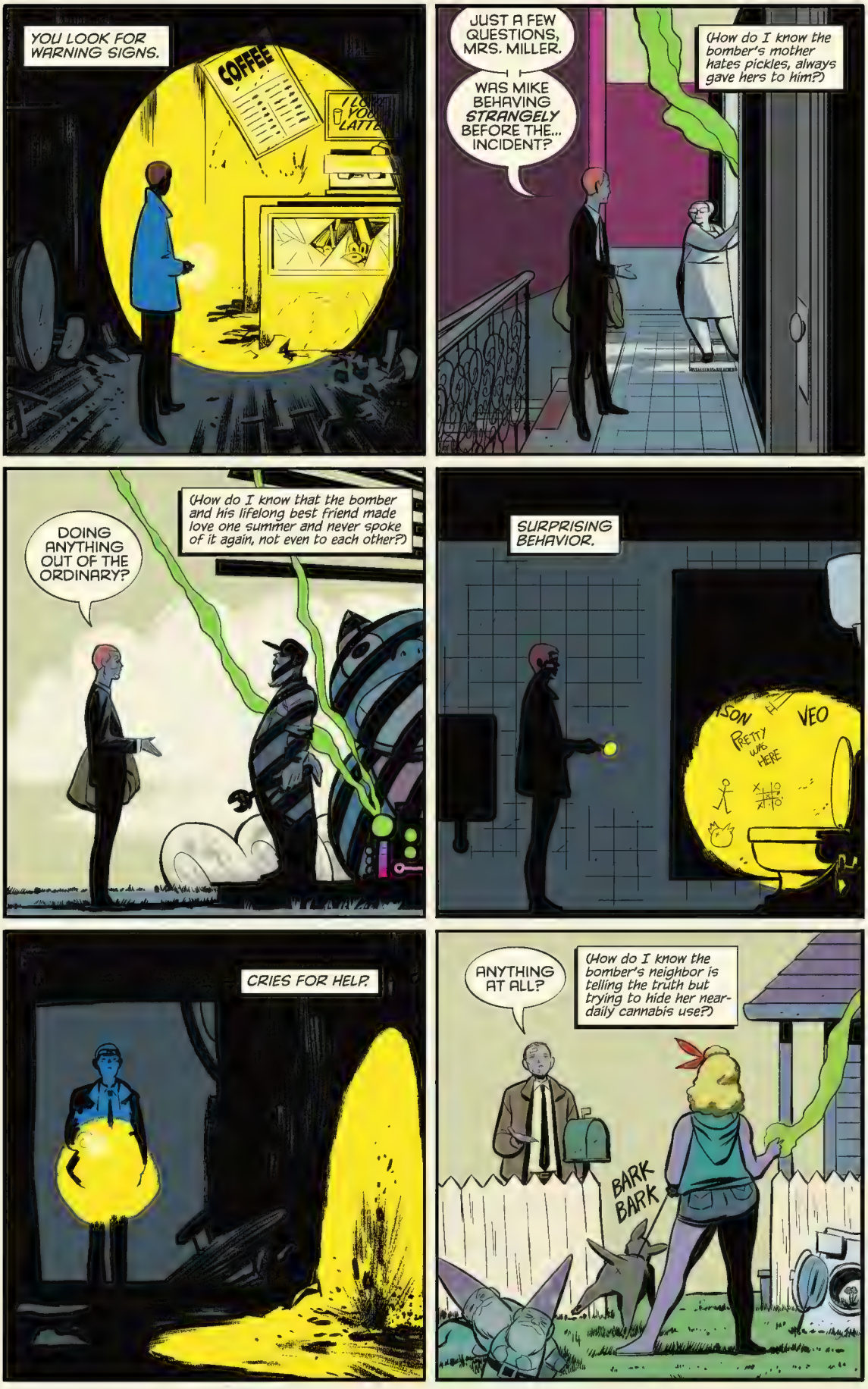
"UNDERSTOOD."
IT'S A LITTLE LIKE TRYING TO READ MINDS. WE'RE LIKE THOSE FORTUNE TELLERS AT CARNIVALS, THE PSYCHICS ON LATE-NIGHT TV.
AND ABOUT AS ACCURATE.
COFFEE SHOP
PACO
COFFEE SHOP

THE PROBLEM IS YOU CAN NEVER REALLY KNOW SOMEONE. NOT LIKE THEY KNOW THEMSELVES.

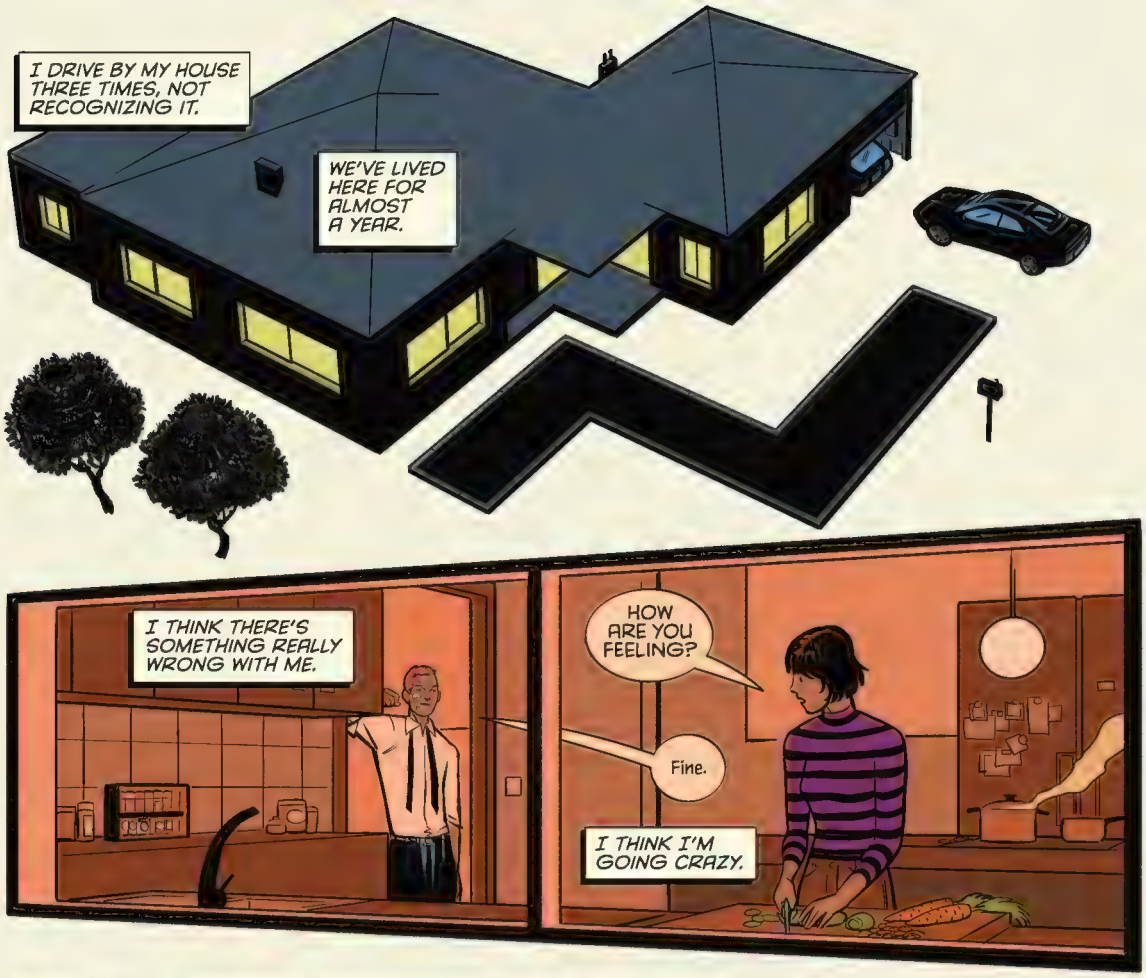
(So how do I know that Newell hates me? Thinks I'm cold.
(Calls me "the Martian" to his wife.)

MARTIAN.
DISTANT.
DIFFERENT.
ALIEN.

YES.


YOU LOOK FOR WARNING SIGNS.
COFFEE
JUST A FEW QUESTIONS, MRS. MILLER.
WAS MIKE BEHAVING STRANGELY BEFORE THE... INCIDENT?
(How do I know the bomber's mother hates pickles, always gave hers to him?)
DOING ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY?
(How do I know that the bomber and his lifelong best friend made love one summer and never spoke of it again, not even to each other?)
SURPRISING BEHAVIOR.
PRETTY WAS HERE
CRIES FOR HELP.
ANYTHING AT ALL?
(How do I know the bomber's neighbor is telling the truth but trying to hide her near-daily cannabis use?)
BARK BARK

YOU LOOK FOR IDENTIFIABLE PATTERNS.
ANYTHING TO MAKE THE WORLD NOT RANDOM.
THAT'S WHAT STOCHASTIC MEANS.
RANDOM.
(How do I know?)
POOR, TRAPPED THINGS. LIGHT THEMSELVES ON FIRE TO ESCAPE.

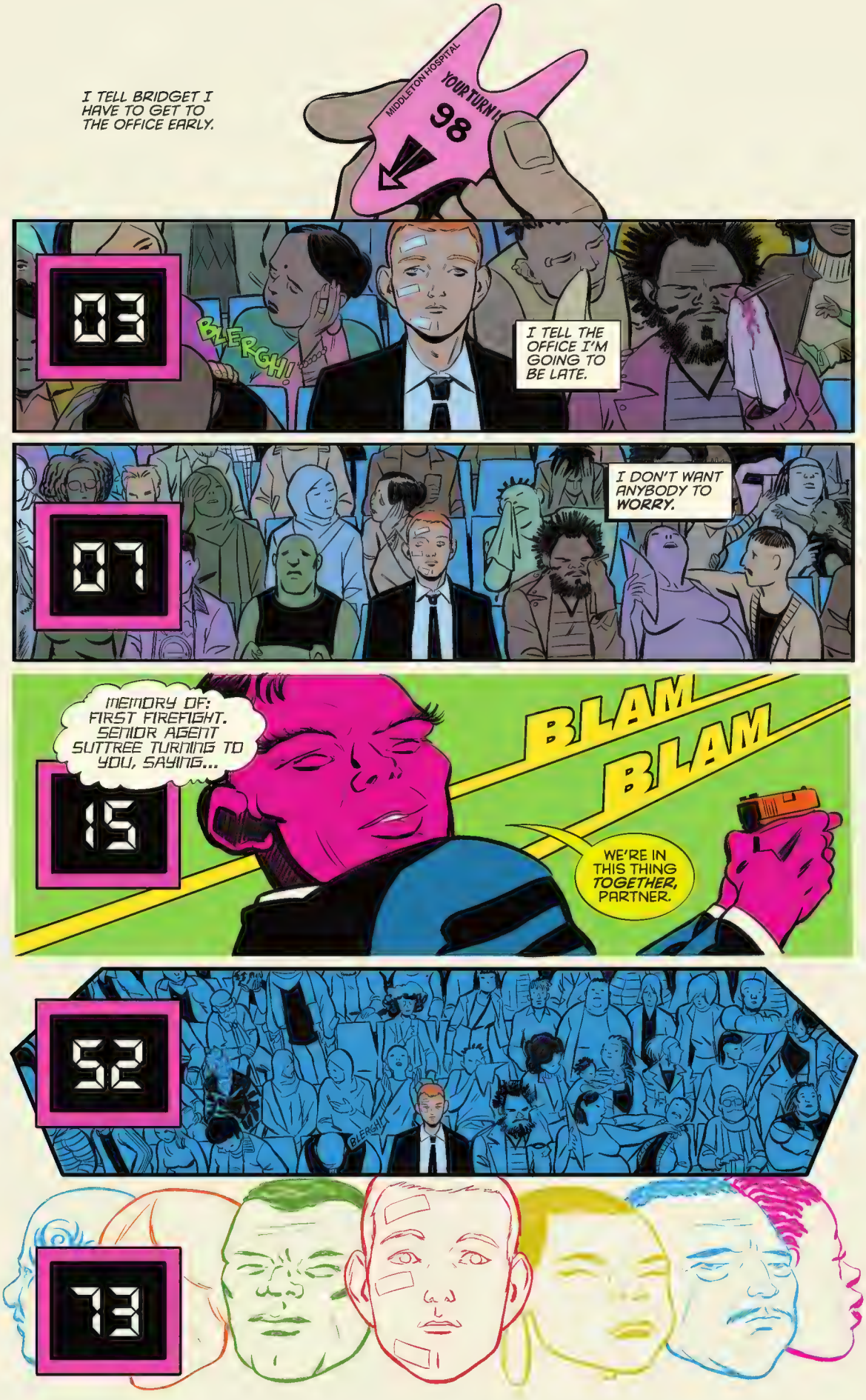

I DRIVE BY MY HOUSE THREE TIMES, NOT RECOGNIZING IT.
WE'VE LIVED HERE FOR ALMOST A YEAR.
I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING REALLY WRONG WITH ME.
HOW ARE YOU FEELING?
Fine.
I THINK I'M GOING CRAZY.

NO VACATION?
NO VACATION.
MEMORY OF...
...LIVING MUSIC DANCING IN DAFFODIL LIGHT, ABSTRACTED CANYONS BEYOND PHYSICS AND FORM--
--WAVES OF QUANTUM FOAM GENTLY LAPPING...
Monsters.
AT LEAST THEY LET YOU COME HOME BEFORE MIDNIGHT FOR A CHANGE. TYLER'S STILL UP. HE'S IN HIS ROOM.

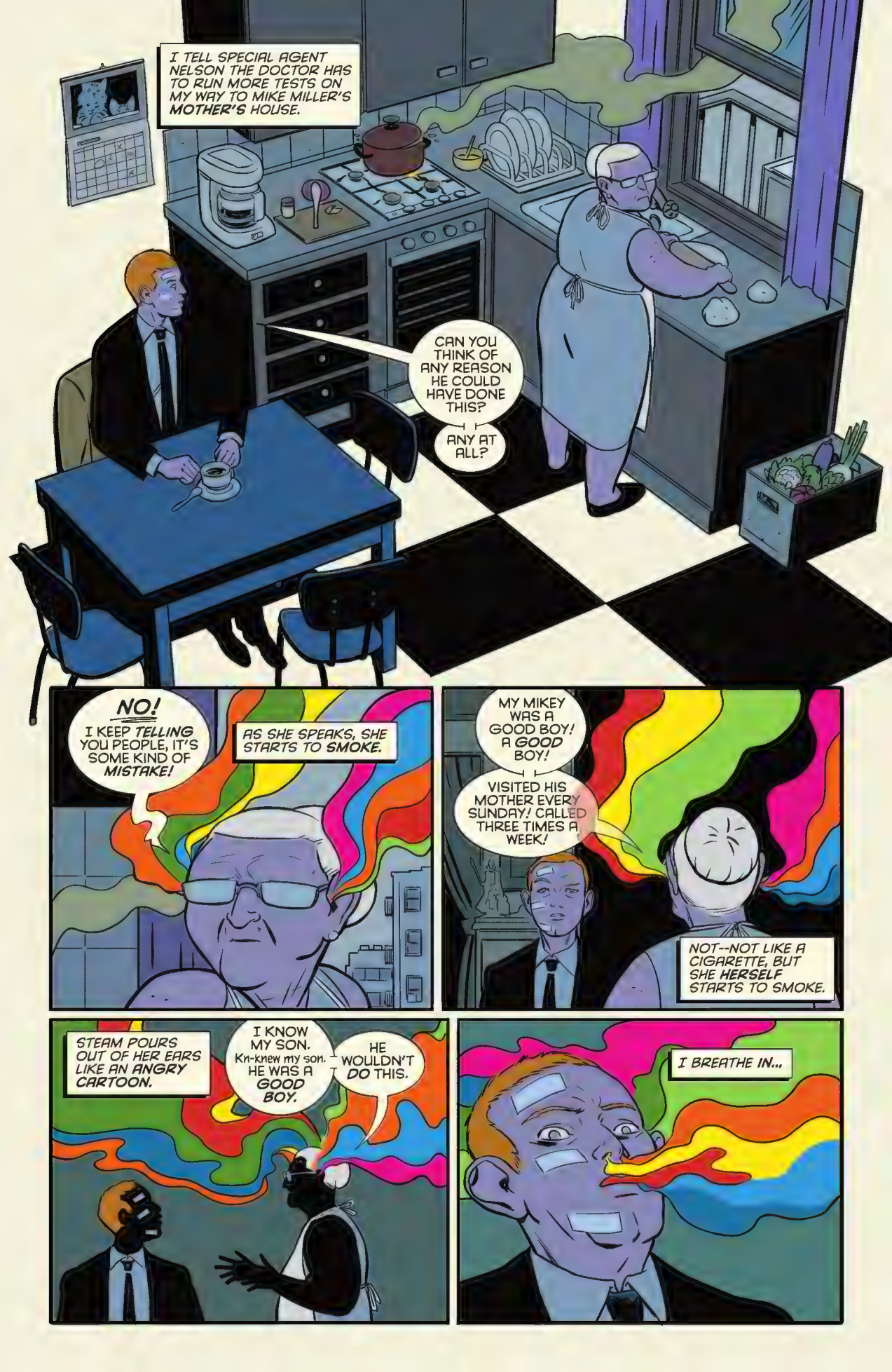
"WHY DON'T YOU GO SAY HI TO YOUR SON?"
MOZART
WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON, TYLER?
IS THAT YOU? AND MOMMY?
THESE ARE REALLY GOOD, TYLER. GREAT JOB. WHERE AM I? WHERE'S DADDY?

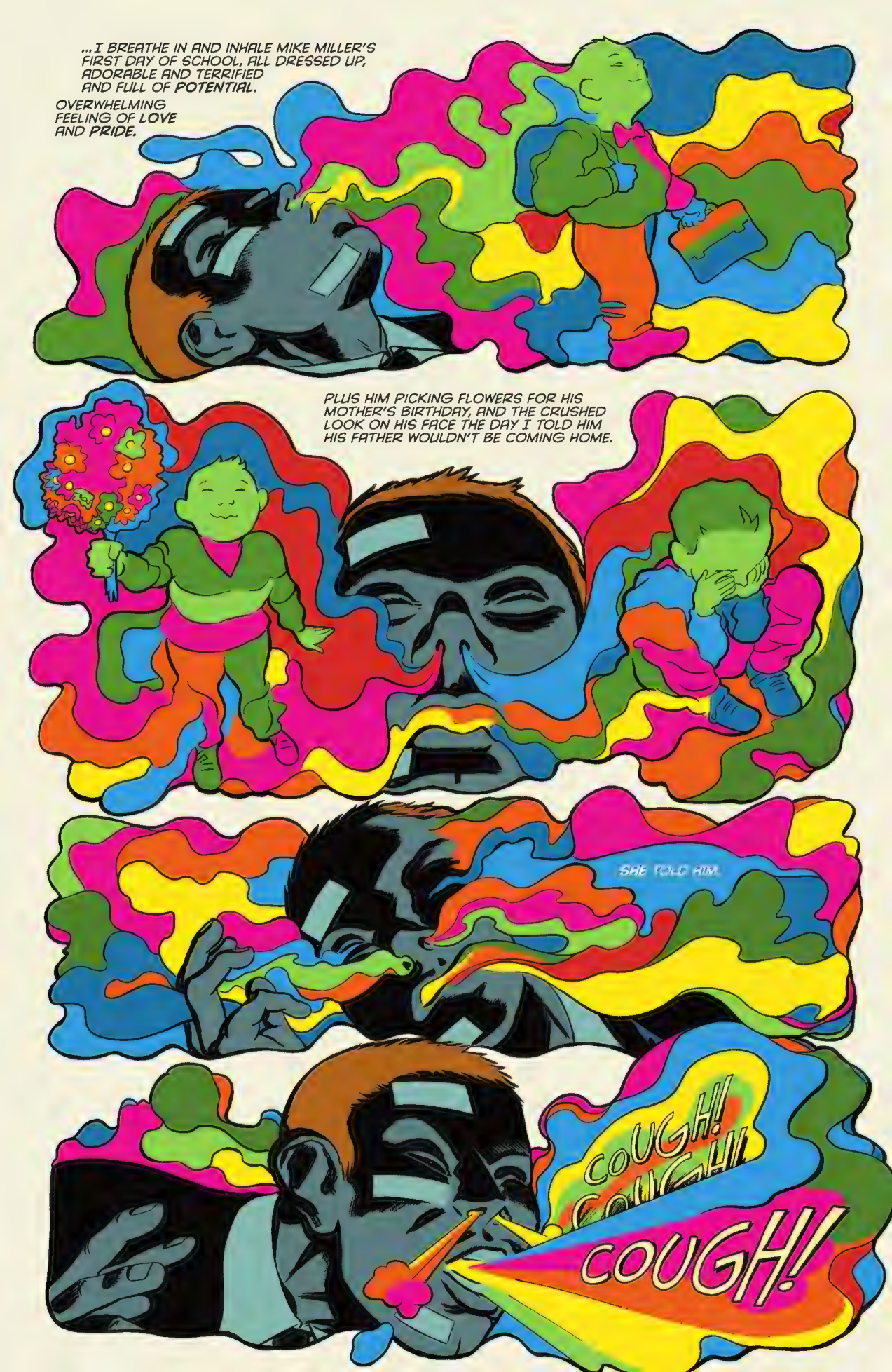
I STAY AWAKE ALL NIGHT. TRYING NOT TO THINK OF...
...OF THE SMOKE...
...OF WHAT'S WAITING FOR ME IN IT...
HAVE YOU EVER TRIED NOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING?
IT'S ALL YOU CAN THINK OF.

I TELL BRIDGET I HAVE TO GET TO THE OFFICE EARLY.



After this, the possible dural dissection in 3, then the knife wound and shattered pelvis in 4...
WHY ARE ALL THE DOCTORS SO ANXIOUS AND DISTRACTED?
EVERYTHING LOOKS NORMAL. NO SIGN OF CONCUSSION OR HEMORRHAGE. I'LL ORDER SOME IMAGING TO BE SURE, BUT YOU LOOK FINE TO ME.
IT'S PROBABLY JUST STRESS.
...can't take much more of this, can't keep this up...
STINK OF SWEAT, EXHAUSTION, MADNESS EVERYWHERE... PSYCHOSPHERE CRITICAL... COMPLETE CONTEXT COLLAPSE IMMINENT...
That... THAT'S A RELIEF.

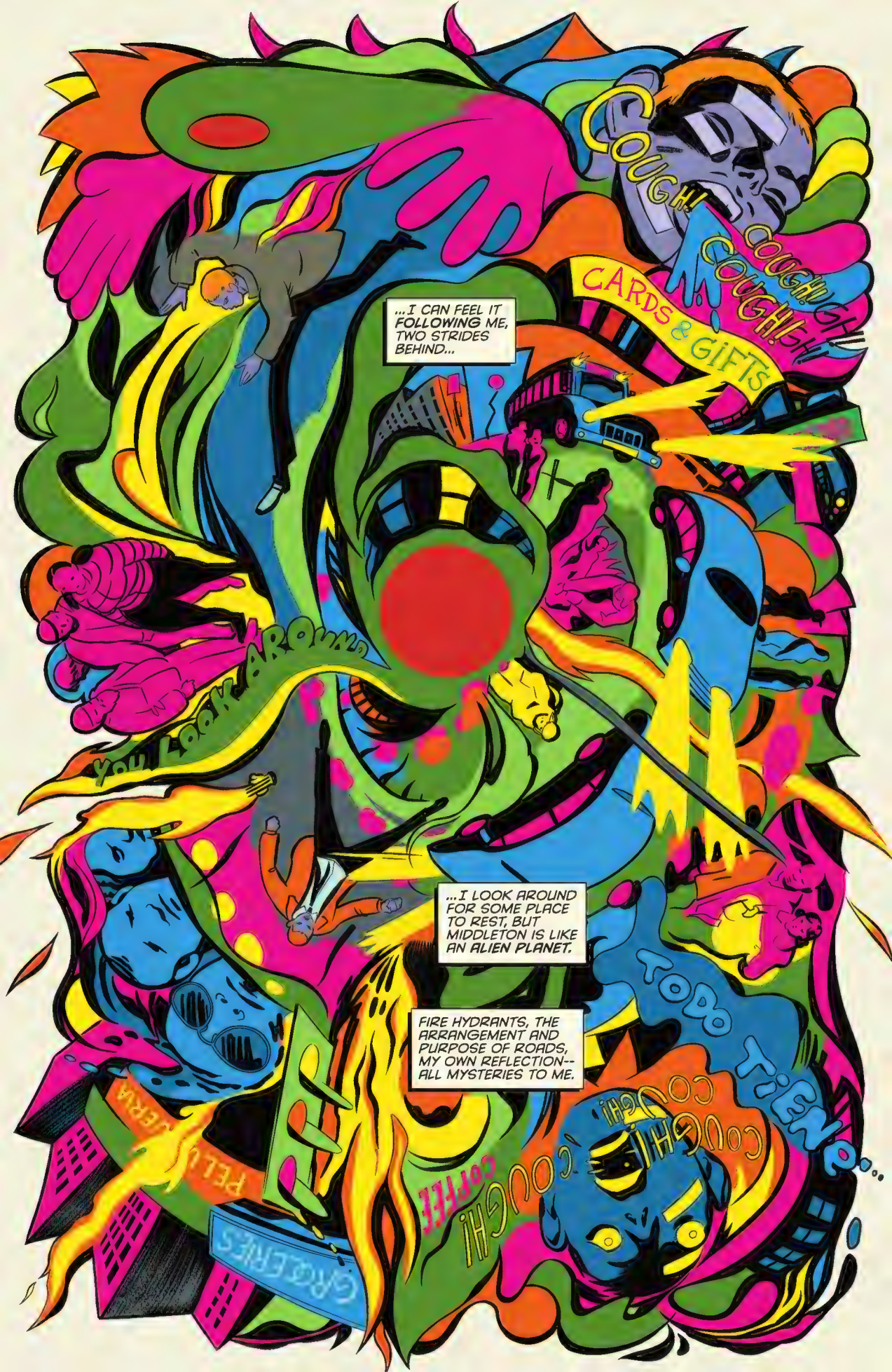

I TELL SPECIAL AGENT NELSON THE DOCTOR HAS TO RUN MORE TESTS ON MY WAY TO MIKE MILLER'S MOTHER'S HOUSE.
CAN YOU THINK OF ANY REASON HE COULD HAVE DONE THIS?
ANY AT ALL?
NO!
I KEEP TELLING YOU PEOPLE, IT'S SOME KIND OF MISTAKE!
AS SHE SPEAKS, SHE STARTS TO SMOKE.
MY MIKEY WAS A GOOD BOY! A GOOD BOY!
VISITED HIS MOTHER EVERY SUNDAY! CALLED THREE TIMES A WEEK!
NOT--NOT LIKE A CIGARETTE, BUT SHE HERSELF STARTS TO SMOKE.
STEAM POURS OUT OF HER EARS LIKE AN ANGRY CARTOON.
I KNOW MY SON. Kn-knew my son. HE WAS A GOOD BOY.
HE WOULDN'T DO THIS.
I BREATHE IN...


...I BREATHE IN AND INHALE MIKE MILLER'S FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL, ALL DRESSED UP, ADORABLE AND TERRIFIED AND FULL OF POTENTIAL.
OVERWHELMING FEELING OF LOVE AND PRIDE.
PLUS HIM PICKING FLOWERS FOR HIS MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY, AND THE CRUSHED LOOK ON HIS FACE THE DAY I TOLD HIM HIS FATHER WOULDN'T BE COMING HOME.
SHE TOLD HIM.
COUGH!
COUGH!
COUGH!

E-e-excuse me.
HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE. HAVE TO CLEAR MY HEAD...
UNISEX
NEW HOUSE
GOLD
COUGH COUGH!
MEMORY OF: BUYING YOUR FIRST HOUSE. REAL ESTATE AGENT SAYING--
REAL FIXER-UPPER, LOTTA POTENTIAL!
FOR SALE
COUGH! COUGH!
...BUT WHICHEVER WAY I WALK THERE'S SMOKE.
SMOKE EVERYWHERE.
$10
MEMORY OF: YOUR DAD FINDING CIGARETTES UNDER YOUR MATTRESS, SAYING--
--AND WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S--

THE SMOKE IS COMING OFF OF LIBRARIANS AND SOCIAL WORKERS AND CORPORATE LAWYERS...
...IT'S SPEWING OUT OF ACCOUNTANTS AND COURIERS AND CONSTRUCTION WORKERS.
DANCING TAPESTRY OF MULTICOLORED SCARVES.
IT'S THE PEOPLE. THE PEOPLE ARE ALL ON FIRE.
BUT NO ONE SEEMS TOO BOTHERED BY IT.
COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!

AND THE SMOKE...
...THE SMOKE IS FILLED WITH BARROOM LAUGHTER, AND OFFICE DRAMA, AND GROCERY LISTS--
--AND SOMEONE'S SAINTED MOTHER, SAYING--
THOUGHTSMOKE, IDEAS OXIDIZING IN THE OPEN AIR...
...please, I don't understand...
COUGH!
COUGH!
...AND A COOL, GREEN VOICE, SAYING THINGS LIKE--
...BREATHE IN, BREATHE IN, BREATHE IN.
COUGH!
COUGH!
COUGH!
COUGH!
(How can a voice be green? But it is. The voice is green.)
AND IT'S WAITING FOR ME, ALWAYS WAITING FOR ME...
...IN THE SMOKE...


COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!
CARDS & GIFTS
...I CAN FEEL IT FOLLOWING ME, TWO STRIDES BEHIND...
YOU LOOK AROUND
...I LOOK AROUND FOR SOME PLACE TO REST, BUT MIDDLETON IS LIKE AN ALIEN PLANET.
FIRE HYDRANTS, THE ARRANGEMENT AND PURPOSE OF ROADS, MY OWN REFLECTION-- ALL MYSTERIES TO ME.
TODO TIENE...
COUGH! COUGH!
COFFEE
PELU
CAFE

Wh-what's happening to me?
HIDDEN LIFE-DIMENSIONS OBSERVED IN REMOVE! VIEW FROM THE OUTSIDE!
POLICE
I RUN IN WHAT I HOPE IS A DIRECTION...
...WHAT I HOPE IS AWAY...
...I PASS A POLICE STATION AND IT'S INCOMPREHENSIBLE.
WHAT IS THIS?
COUGH!
COUGH!
MARTIAN VISIONONONO

WHO IS THAT?!
WHO'S TALKING?!
YOU
ME
WE
ARE TALKING.
COUGH! COUGH!

REMEMBER...

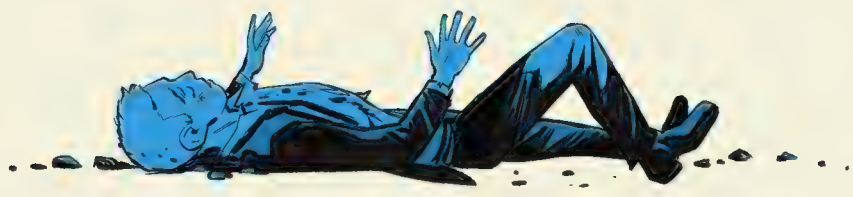
...MAN ON FIRE...
...HUMAN FLAME...

COUGH
COUGH
COUGH
...THE SMOKE...

...WHAT WAITED...?

MESSAGE TO MY FELLOW MARTIANS:

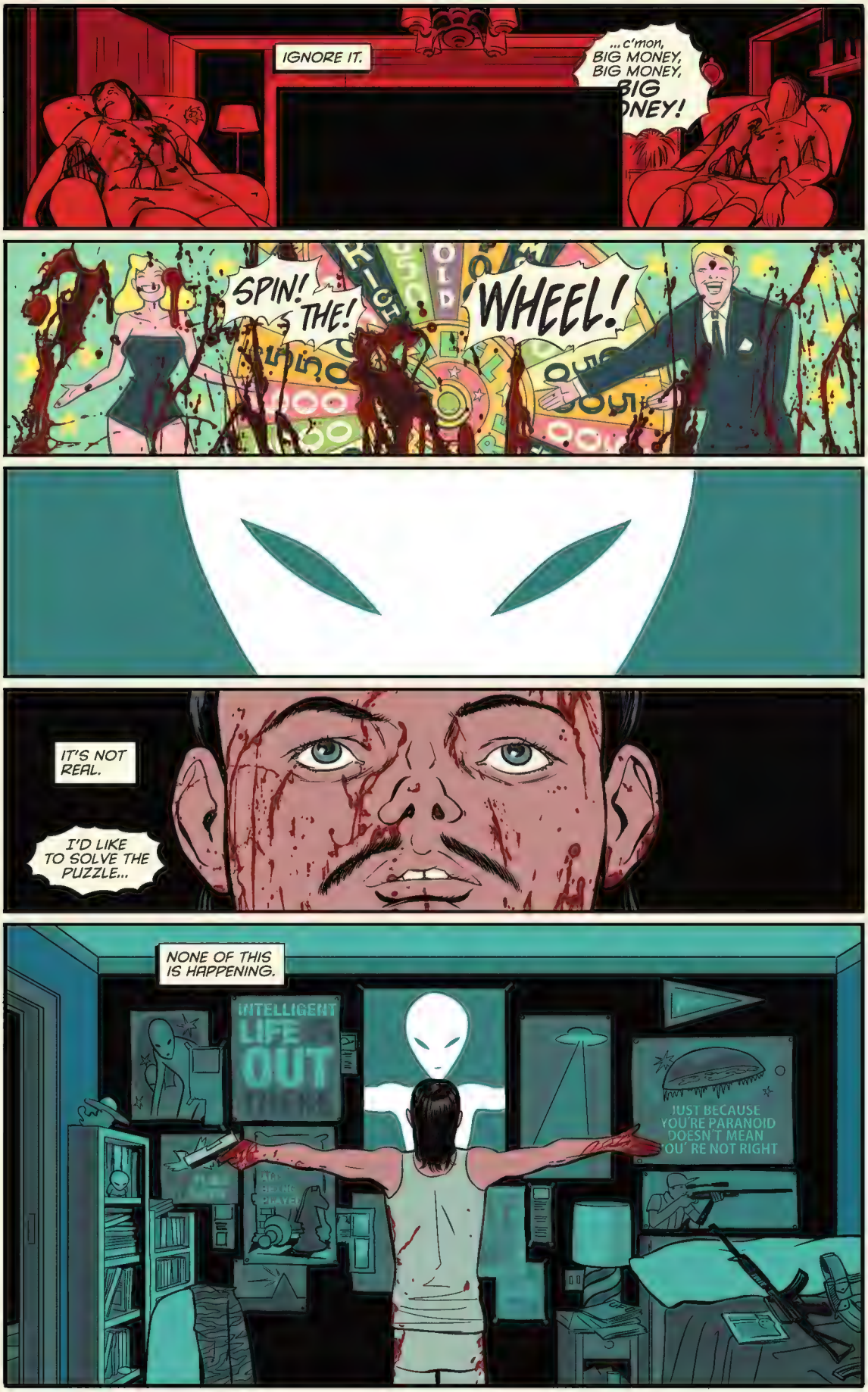
To activate ***YOUR*** Martianvision, please take the ***next page*** of the comic book in your hands and hold it up to the light! Use a lamp, a reading light, or the sun itself--it's up to you! See diagram for details!



WE'RE THE
MARTIAN
MIND****ER.

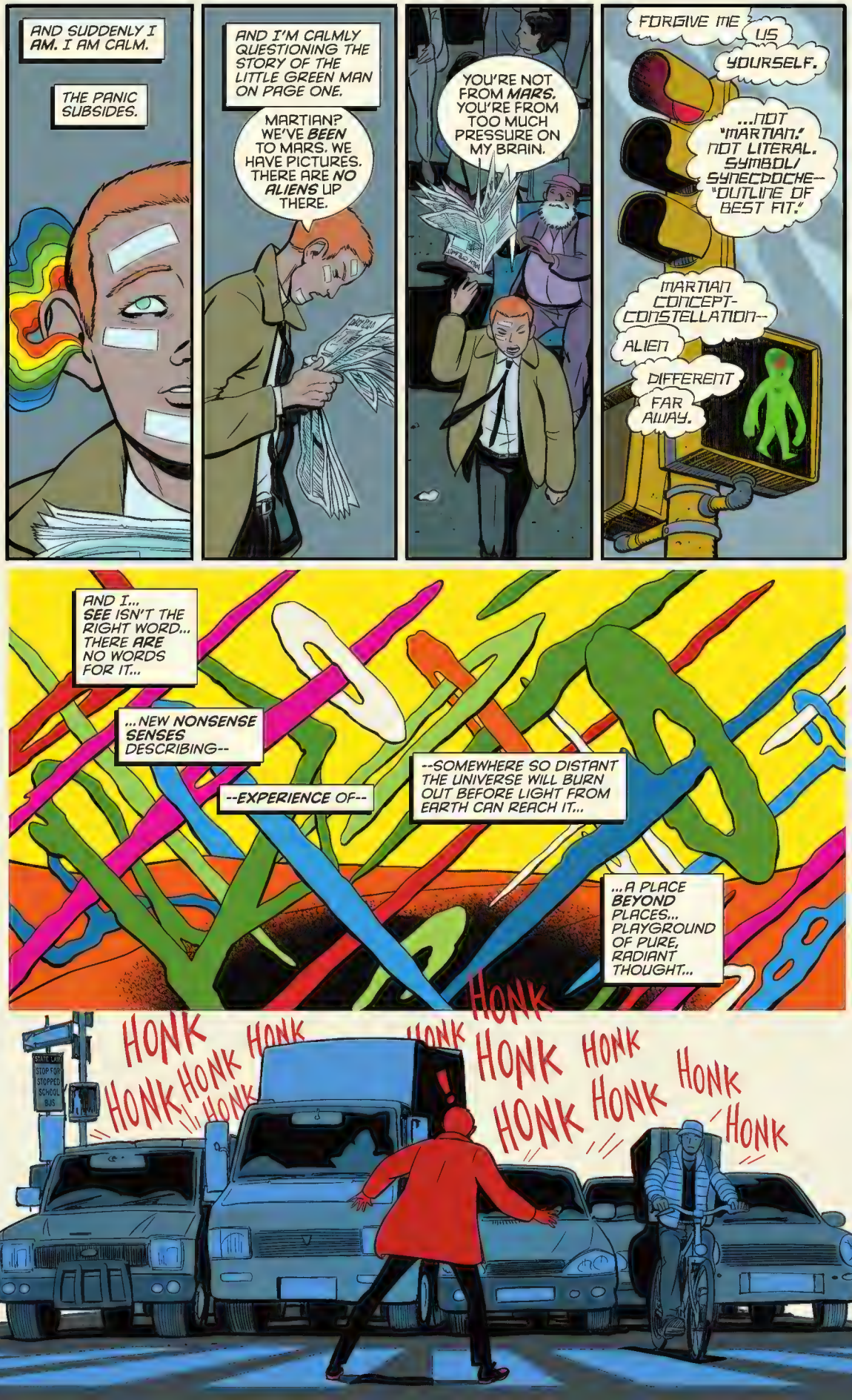
Absolute Martian Manhunter
#2 cover by Javier Rodríguez

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #2**
variant cover by Crystal Kung


IGNORE IT.
... C'MON, BIG MONEY, BIG MONEY, BIG ONEY!
SPIN! THE! WHEEL!
IT'S NOT REAL.
I'D LIKE TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE...
NONE OF THIS IS HAPPENING.
INTELLIGENT LIFE OUT
JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE PARANOID DOESN'T MEAN YOU' RE NOT RIGHT

IT'S ALL IN YOUR HEAD.
WHAT HAPPENS IN YOUR HEAD ALSO HAPPENS.
NO STOPPING NO KIDDING
Keep it together, John...
...@#$#@ Martians!
THE MARTIAN MIND****ER.
'RESISTANCE IS FUTILE,' BUT NOT HOW YOU THINK.
STOP
Shut up! STOP TALKING!

GOTTA GET BACK TO THE HOSPITAL. FIGURE OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME.
UNDERSTANDING COMES LATER.
TOTAL
COMPLETE
FULL
UNDERSTANDING WOULD RESULT IN MIND/SELF-DESTRUCTION.
Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Etiam euismod cursus mauris
Nam at tell
Praesent no
quam laor
nec fauci
Cras sed m
THINK OF PARKING HERE
NO STOPPING ANY TIME
NONE OF THIS MAKES SENSE!
JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!
74
HEY!
BE CALM.
MEMORY OF: HONEYMOON WITH BRIDGET, LYING EXHAUSTED
CONTENT
CLOSE IN WARMTH OF LEAF-FRACTURED LIGHT.
EVERYTHING JUST AS IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE.
THE WORLD STILL MAKING SENSE.
SMELL OF: MOM BAKING FAMOUS CINNAMON ROLLS AFTER SCHOOL, NO-FAIL REMEDY FOR BAD DAYS.
TASTE OF: SEROTONIN, OXYTOCIN, CHEMICALS HUMANS HAVEN'T DISCOVERED YET FLOODING BRAIN.


AND SUDDENLY I AM. I AM CALM.
THE PANIC SUBSIDES.
AND I'M CALMLY QUESTIONING THE STORY OF THE LITTLE GREEN MAN ON PAGE ONE.
MARTIAN? WE'VE BEEN TO MARS. WE HAVE PICTURES. THERE ARE NO ALIENS UP THERE.
YOU'RE NOT FROM MARS. YOU'RE FROM TOO MUCH PRESSURE ON MY BRAIN.
FORGIVE ME
US
YOURSELF.
...NOT "MARTIAN." NOT LITERAL. SYMBOL/ SYNECDOCHE-- "OUTLINE OF BEST FIT."
MARTIAN CONCEPT-CONSTELLATION--
ALIEN
DIFFERENT
FAR AWAY.
AND I... SEE ISN'T THE RIGHT WORD... THERE ARE NO WORDS FOR IT...
...NEW NONSENSE SENSES DESCRIBING--
--EXPERIENCE OF--
--SOMEWHERE SO DISTANT THE UNIVERSE WILL BURN OUT BEFORE LIGHT FROM EARTH CAN REACH IT...
...A PLACE BEYOND PLACES... PLAYGROUND OF PURE, RADIANT THOUGHT...
HONK
STOP FOR STOPPED SCHOOL BUS

YOU
I
WE MUST GO, JOHN. THE PARENTS ARE ALREADY DEAD.
HE WILL SOON DECIDE ON CERTA STREET.
P
WHAT HAPPENS IN YOUR HEAD ALSO HAPPENS.
MIDDLETOWN NEWS
WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT?! WHY ARE YOU HERE?!
I
YOU
WE ARE MIND
HUNT
KILL
SAVE
REDEEM
HEAL
-ER.
LIFE
THIS WORLD
THE HUMAN RACE IS UNDER ATTACK.
THE FUN NEVER STOPS ON THE WHEEL!
CLICK
DING DING
GET AWAY FROM MY BABY!
PASHM
GROCE
AND THE PANIC ROARS BACK.

MADAME XANADU
PSYCHIC READING
UNDER ATTACK FROM WHAT?
HUNGRY
INVESTIGATE!
OPEN YOUR EYES!
MARTIAN VISION
ULTIMATE OUTSIDER
SEE PEOPLE CLEARLY FOR FIRST TIME!
--came up wagging its tail little collar bell ringing I looked I made sure no one was around I took out the knife it slid into the neck so easy so incredibly easy I swear to god the look it gave me the warmth on my hand I never felt so good never in
--this is the last time, this is the very last time, I swear, after this never again, just this one last time--
to me,
Never hurt anybody, couldn't stand to see her like that, opened up like a butterfly, only thing that loved me
...stupid.

WELL? WHAT DO YOU SEE?
DESPAIR.
FEAR.
PARANOIA.
RAGE.
EVERYWHERE.
HATE
EVIDENCE. SOCIO-TOXIC BUILDUP OF "BAD VIBES."
"Bad... vibes..."?
PROCESS NATURALLY OCCURRING IN UNSTABLE/UNEQUAL SOCIETIES, BUT RECENT EXPONENTIAL INCREASE IMPLIES OUTSIDE INTERVENTION.
INESCAPABLE CONCLUSION: COMPLETE PSYCHO-PLANETARY COLLAPSE IMMINENT. RESPONSIBLE ENTITY(IES) MUST BE
HUNT
KILL
SAVE
REDEEM
HEAL
-ED.

YOU
I
WE MUST GO.
MASCUS SCHOOL

SALE
DISCOUNTS
TV, RADIOS, FRIDGES...
"PROGRAM ALREADY IN PROGRESS."
TRIGGER WILL SOON REACH CERTA STREET.
WHAT IS THIS? WHAT AM I-- WHAT ARE YOU-- I DON'T--
--I don't understand--
$65.00
SALE
$715.00

REPEAT: CANNOT UNDERSTAND. NOT YET.
CONSCIOUSNESS EXPANSION/UPGRADE IN PROGRESS. MARTIAN VISION IS ONLY BEGINNING.

MEMORY OF: AGE EIGHT, STARING THROUGH HOLE IN FENCE, THE WORLD REDUCED TO--

--THIN SWATH OF THE DONNELYS' YARD, SUNBATHING. MRS. DONNELY'S THIGHS GOLDEN IN--

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!
MAIL
PARTNER
ALLY
ROOMMATE
FRIEND.
"TIME" IS STRANGE
FRUSTRATING
SHORT.
TRIGGER HAS REACHED LITTLE DAMASCUS.
I DON'T-- THAT KID WITH THE GUN, IS THAT--?
SAVED YOUR LIFE. REORGANIZED MATTER AND EVENTS. NOW YOU
I
WE ARE ENTANGLED.
INVADERS! ALIENS FROM OUTER SPACE!
BODY SNATCHERS WEARING HUMAN FACES, HUMAN SKIN!
"INVADERS..."?
PREFER ENTANGLED. MUST GO.
TRIGGER OPENS FIRE IN THREE... TWO...

THEY'RE TRYING TO REPLACE US!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
RING
RING
THE DOCTORS MUST'VE MISSED SOMETHING. THIS ISN'T REAL. NONE OF THIS IS--
JONES, THERE'S A POSSIBLE ACTIVE-SHOOTER EVENT-- CERTA AND SAMACHSON.
LOCAL PD IS EN ROUTE AND REQUESTING ASSISTANCE. GPS PUTS YOU NEARBY.
WHAT HAPPENS IN YOUR HEAD ALSO HAPPENS.
ON MY WAY.
CHI-CHIP
LET'S RIDE, PARTNER! SPOOKY ACTION-HEROES AT A DISTANCE!
VROOMMMMM

THE STREETS ARE A SYNESTHESIA, BLURRED BUILDINGS BITTER ON MY TONGUE. I'M EIGHT MINUTES OUT FROM CERTA--
SKIIIIIIIIIIIIDDD...
--BUT THE LITTLE GREEN MAN IN MY HEAD (sitting in the passenger seat, feet up on the dash) DOESN'T UNDERSTAND DISTANCE YET...
...DOESN'T DIFFERENTIATE BETWEEN HERE AND THERE, ONE PLACE AND ANOTHER...
THEY SEEM TO LOOK AND THINK LIKE US, BUT THEY'RE JUST PRETENDING.
WALKING AROUND, HOPING WE WON'T NOTICE.
BLAM
VROOOM
Well, I NOTICE.
BLAM

MOST OF THE TIME THEY GET THE COLOR WRONG, AND WHEN THEY TRY TO SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE IT COMES OUT ALL *FUNNY.*
IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS ONCE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.
PUHPLEAASE...
SKEEEEEEE
IN MY EXPERIENCE, 99 PERCENT OF PEOPLE ARE JUST PRETENDING.
WELCOME TO EARTH.
BLAM BLAM

FIRST ON THE SCENE.
GOING IN.
I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE!
THE MARTIAN DIVES IN AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO BUT FOLLOW.
HEY!
FIVE VICTIMS DOWN, SIX MORE PEOPLE HIDING.
HEY, TRIGGER!
OF THE FIVE ON THE GROUND, THREE ARE ALREADY DEAD. THEIR LAST THOUGHTS
("Why me?" A memory of her son playing as a child, his childhood summers in Grandfather's village)
CLING TO THEM IN THIN WISPS.
TWO ARE STILL WITH US BUT NOT FOR LONG. THEIR LIVES ARE QUICKLY RUNNING OUT OF THEM.

TRIGGER TAYLOR!
I KNOW YOU?
NO. BUT I KNOW HIM.
THE MARTIAN IS SWIMMING THROUGH HIS MIND... INVESTIGATING...
I KNOW HE LOVES BANANAS, AND DEER HUNTING WITH HIS DAD EVERY SEASON SINCE HE WAS SEVEN...
...I KNOW THE NAME OF HIS FIRST-GRADE BEST FRIEND...
...TOOMIS! IT'S ME, CLYDE TOOMIS!
CUTTING HANDS, MAKING THEMSELVES BROTHERS ONE SUMMER.
AND WE'LL BE BLOOD BROTHERS.
TOOMIS? How... HOW LONG'S IT BEEN?
I HARDLY RECOGNIZE YOU.
HIS MADNESS IS A MAN-SHAPED WILDFIRE, AND IN THE SMOKE OF IT I SMELL STRAINS OF TRANS-3-METHYL-2-HEXENOIC ACID AND A FAMILY HISTORY OF SCHIZOPHRENIA.

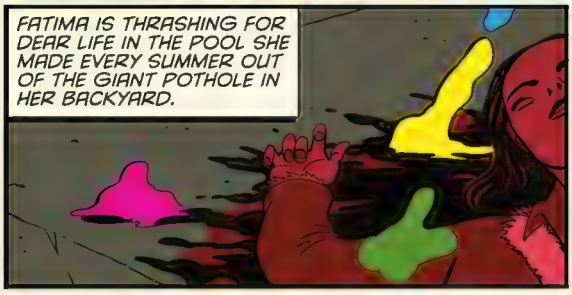
AN OLD MAN DIES IN A PUFF OF CARDAMOM AND A PUDDLE OF PAIN AND FEAR. HE THINKS OF ONE LAST THING, AS HE WAS TAUGHT--
IS THAT REALLY *YOU*, TOOMIS?
OR ARE YOU JUST *PRETENDING?*

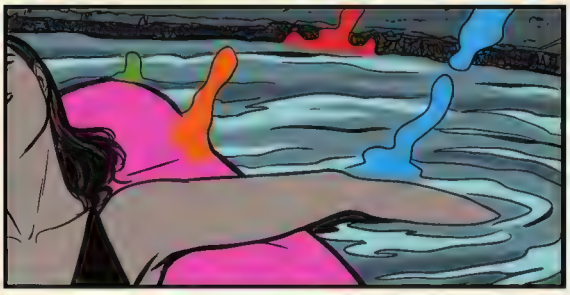
CERTA IS MOSTLY SYRIAN, LOCALLY CALLED LITTLE DAMASCUS...
...MANY OF THE PEOPLE HERE ARE REFUGEES... MY EARS RING WITH TRAUMATIC ECHOES...
O-OF COURSE IT'S ME. NOW PUT THE GUN DOWN, OKAY? SO WE CAN CATCH UP.
SOME OF THEM ARE SO GOOD AT PRETENDING THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW THEY'RE DOING IT.
THEY'VE CONVINCED THEMSELVES THEY'RE HUMAN BEINGS.
THE TEENAGER HIDING BEHIND THE HONDA IS THINKING ABOUT AN OLD CARTOON, AND HOW HE'LL NEVER GET TO FULFILL HIS DREAM OF PLAYING FOOTBALL FOR MANCHESTER UNITED.
THE WOMAN HIDING BEHIND THE COUNTER OF PALMYRA RESTAURANT LOST EVERY MEMBER OF HER FAMILY IN THE CIVIL WAR, 49 IN TOTAL. ALL SHE CAN THINK IN A PANIC IS THAT IF SHE DIES HERE, HER FAMILY DIES WITH HER.
STRANGE FORMS OF LIFE, huh?
AHA!
ARE YOU SURE IT'S YOU, TOOMIS?

WOW
WOW
WOW
WOW
WOW
WOW
SCREEEEEEECH
PUT DOWN THE GUN!
FBI
HOLD ON! I'M TALKING TO HIM!
INSIDE TRIGGER'S MIND, THE MARTIAN HAS FOUND SOMETHING.
LEVEL EIGHTEEN DELUSION-HALLUCINATION. BRAIN ROTTER.
INVASION-CODED, CLASSIC "US VERSUS THEM" ARCHITECTURE. VERY DELICATE DESTRUCTION-CONSTRUCTION.
IT'S WIRED TOGETHER FROM OLD MOVIES AND OLD FEARS AND CULTURE GOING BACK.
BAD IDEA #2894: THE EVERYWHERE-EVERYONE-EVERYTHING ENEMY.

SIMPLE TO DISABLE
UNCREATE
DISARM.

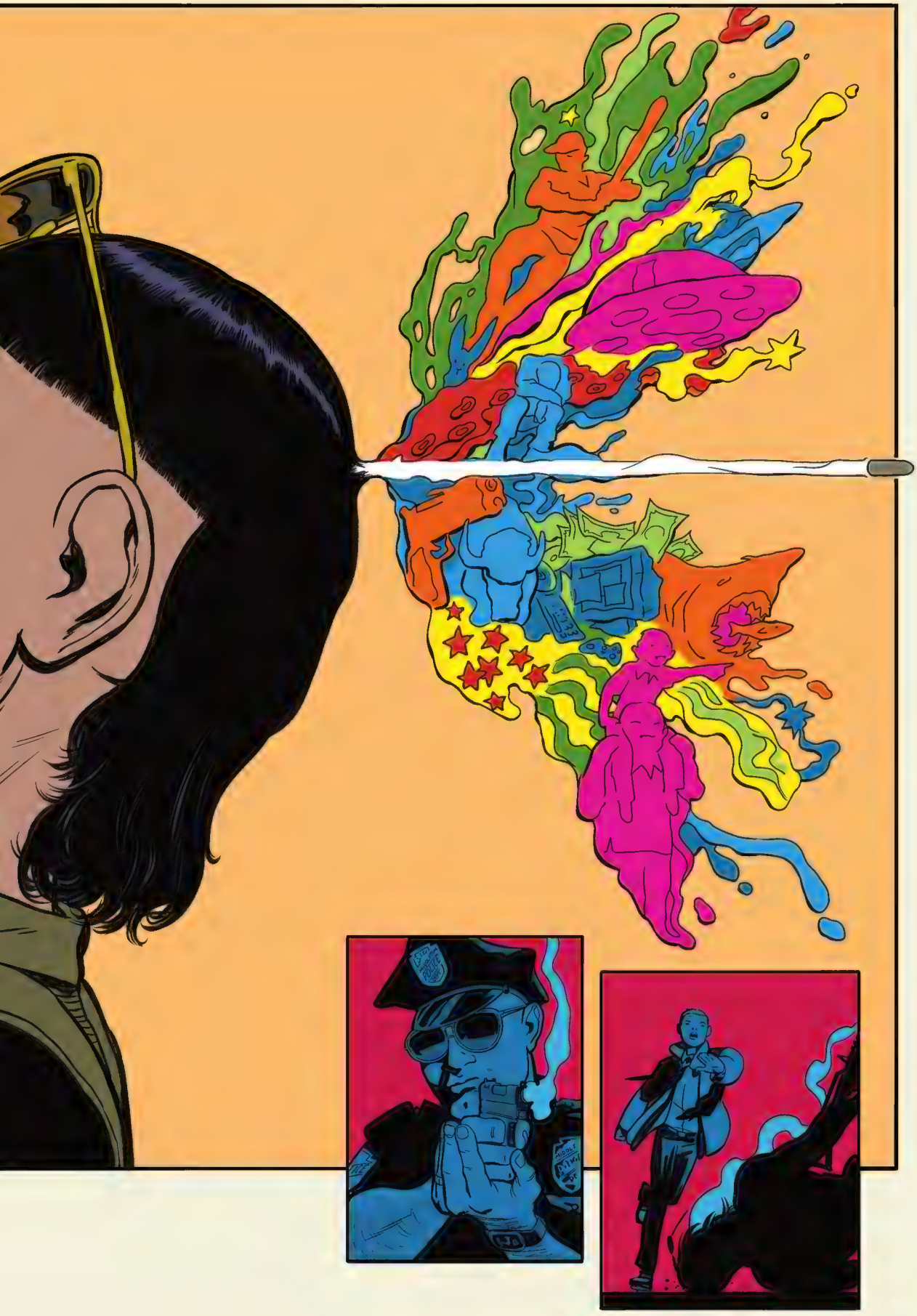
H-huh? A-ARE THOSE...? WHAT'D I--?
Oh my god.


FATIMA IS THRASHING FOR DEAR LIFE IN THE POOL SHE MADE EVERY SUMMER OUT OF THE GIANT POTHOLE IN HER BACKYARD.



SEARCHING FOR BAD IDEA #2894 SIGNATURE
CREATION-MEMORY--

I DIDN'T-- WHAT WAS I--?
I-I think I need h--

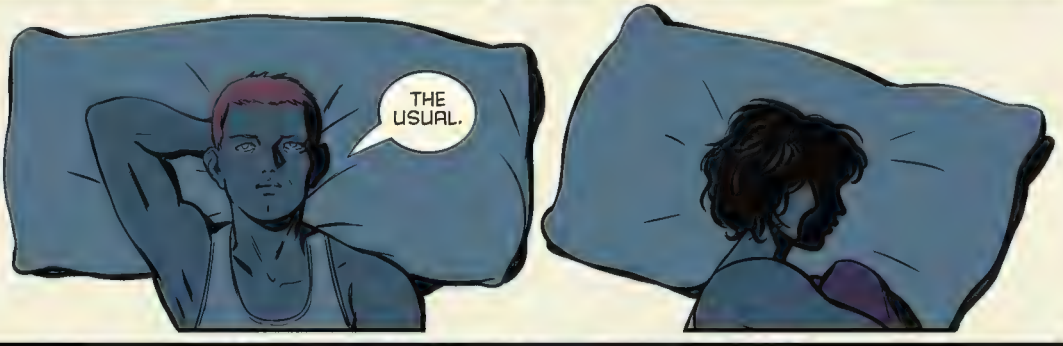


DANGER
DISASTER
DOOM.
--SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE SHOT! LOCAL PD SAY YOU WERE JUST *TALKING* TO HIM--

WORST POSSIBLE FINDING.

WORSE THAN FEARED.

THE WHITE MARTIAN HAS COME TO END HUMANKIND.
HEY. HOW WAS WORK?
GOOD.


THE USUAL.

TREND
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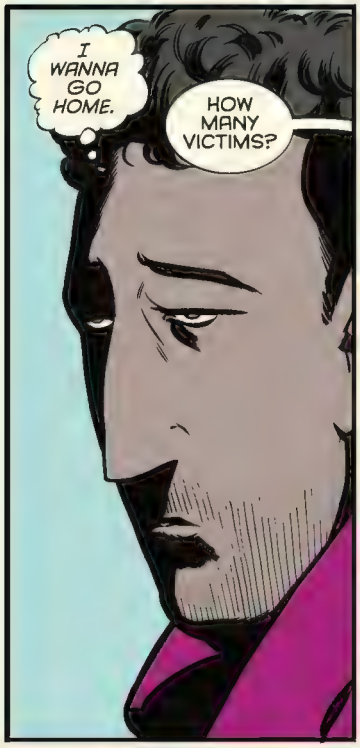
Martian Manhunter created by
Joseph Samachson and Joe Certa

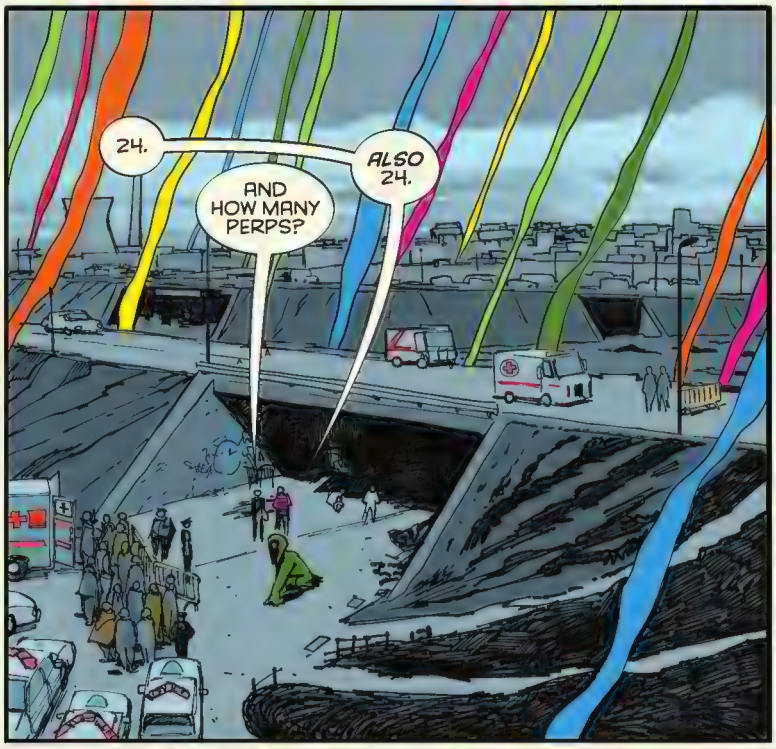
Absolute Martian Manhunter #3 cover by Javier Rodríguez

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #3**
variant cover by Ian Bertram

AAiiiiiFFFFFFEFFF
EVEN THOUGH HE'D LIVED ON THE STREETS SINCE HE WAS FOURTEEN, BIG AL'S LAST THOUGHT WAS--
I wanna go home

HE HADN'T HAD A HOME TO GO TO IN TWENTY YEARS, BUT IT'S ALL HE COULD THINK THROUGH THE HEAT AND THE PAIN--
B
C
D
A


I WANNA GO HOME.
HOW MANY VICTIMS?


24.
ALSO 24.
AND HOW MANY PERPS?

ALL AT THE SAME TIME?
IT'S A TRAGEDY, I KNOW.
I BETTER BE GETTING OVERTIME FOR THIS $&!%.
A
C

GRAY CLOUDS GATHER AT THE EDGES. YOU CAN ALMOST MAKE OUT THE SHAPES OF PEOPLE, IF YOU SQUINT.
HERE COME THE NEIGHBORS.
RADIANT IN RESTRAINED GRIEF. SMUDGED, SPECTACULAR EXPRESSIONS OF LIFE.

THEY KNOW THE SCORE.
EVENTUALLY, EVERYTHING GOES UP IN A--
PUFF

IT IS WEIRD, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT. I MEAN, 24 PEOPLE SETTING 24 SEPARATE SLEEPING BUMS ON FIRE AT EXACTLY THE SAME TIME.
FIGURED IT WAS SOME KIND OF CULT OR SOMETHING, BUT THEY CLAIM THEY DON'T KNOW EACH OTHER AND THERE'S NOTHING SAYING DIFFERENT.
SO... WHY?
SAME WRONG QUESTION.

THAT'S EASY. PEOPLE ARE MOSTLY CRAZY AND DO #@$%&$-UP THINGS TO EACH OTHER FOR NO REASON AT ALL.
IS THAT YOUR PROFESSIONAL OPINION, DETECTIVE MAYWEATHER?
YOU BET.
THEN YOU SHOULD THINK ABOUT CHANGING PROFESSIONS.

€@$% YOU!
I REALLY MEAN IT. THE JOB IS LEACHING INTO HIM LIKE ASBESTOS, MAKING SOFT THINGS HARD.
IF HE KEEPS GOING THIS WAY, SIX YEARS FROM NOW HIS KIDS WILL FIND HIM BEATING HIS WIFE TO DEATH WITH A GOLF CLUB IN THE GARAGE.

I KNOW I SOUND CRAZY. I KNOW THAT.
BUT THE MARTIAN WHO LIVES IN MY HEAD ASSURES ME I'M NOT.
RESIDUE OF BAD IDEA #1937-231: COMBUSTION-COMPULSION...
...ARSON-INSTINCT...
AND (for some reason) I BELIEVE HIM.
"THE EMANCIPATION OF THE IMMOLATED."
C
A
I DON'T UNDERSTAND THESE PEOPLE. WHY DON'T THEY JUST GO TO THE SUNNYSIDE? AT LEAST THEY'D BE SAFE THERE.
BIG AL DIDN'T LIKE SHELTERS. PEOPLE WERE ALWAYS @$^%#*€ WITH HIM IN THERE. MAKING DARK INTIMATIONS, STEALING HIS SHOES WHILE HE SLEPT.
C
CONCEPT CONSTELLATION:
HOME
SAFETY
SHELTER.
HE LIKED HIS CHANCES BETTER ON THE STREET.
"BIG AL"?
HE A FRIEND OF YOURS OR SOME-THING?

PARTNER...
I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM BEFORE, I SWEAR!
TWENTY-FOUR INDIVIDUALS WHO CLAIM NOT TO KNOW EACH OTHER BUT WHO, IN PERFECT UNISON, BURNED FIFTEEN MEN, SIX WOMEN, AND THREE CHILDREN ALIVE.
NONE HAVE CRIMINAL RECORDS.
I'VE N-NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE IN MY LIFE! I-I JUST GOT THE SUDDEN URGE...!
MUST MOVE QUICKLY... EXTINGUISH EVERY EMBER, EVERY SPARK...
ALL HAD REASONS.
I HAD THIS-- THIS FLASH THAT HE... THAT THE HOMELESS GUY WAS MY FATHER. H-HE USED TO COME INTO MY ROOM AT NIGHT AND--
PREEXISTING CONDITIONS--
TRAGEDY
ISOLATION
TRAUMA
GENETIC PREDISPOSITIONS
PROCLIVITIES
LIKE KINDLING...
SOME FELT REMORSE.
I'm sorry, I'm s-so sorry...
VICTIMS...
OTHERS DIDN'T.
MY CLIENT HAS NO COMMENT.
THE ONLY THING THEY HAD IN COMMON...
...ALL VICTIMS...
...WAS THE CLOUD AROUND THEIR HEADS.
I JUST FELT-- I WAS ALREADY DOING IT BEFORE I DECIDED TO... b-b-but I did decide to...
WHICH I DON'T MENTION IN MY REPORT.

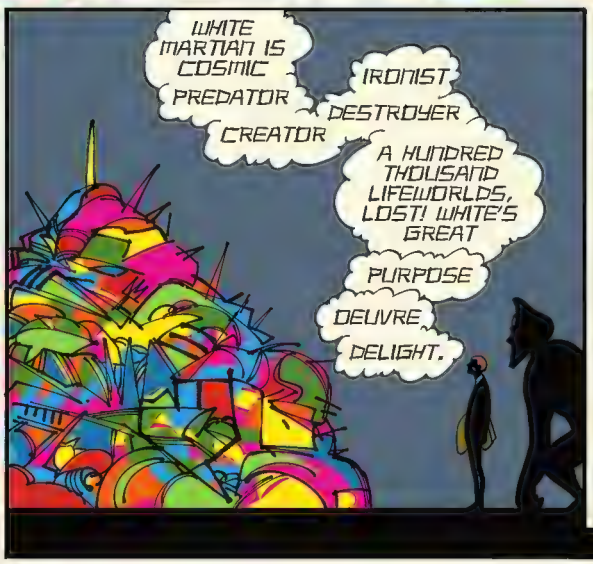
YOU KNOW THAT LITTLE VOICE IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD, CONSTANTLY TELLING YOU THE WORLD IS GOING TO END?
MANKIND'S LAST GASPS! TRAGIC AND GLORIOUS!
GAUDY, GORGEOUS FUNERAL MARCH!
MINE'S NOT JUST A VOICE.
BEST I CAN DESCRIBE IT, IT'S SOMEWHERE BETWEEN A COLOR, A FEELING, AND A PHILOSOPHY.
CIVILIZATION'S CLOSING CEREMONIES. BEAUTIFUL TO BEHOLD.
BUT IT'S STILL GETTING THE HANG OF LANGUAGE...
GAWKWARD, COINEFFICIENT, IMPRECISED...
...THE THINGS MEAN SOUNDS AND THE SOUNDS MEAN THINGS... 'ROUND AND 'ROUND...
...AND IT'S WORRIED IT'S NOT GETTING ITS POINT ACROSS...
...SO THE WALK FROM THE DRIVEWAY TO THE FRONT DOOR OF MY HOUSE BECOMES AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE ALIEN APOCALYPSE.
=Sigh=

I SHOULD REALLY SEE SOMEONE ABOUT THIS.
I GET WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN. YOU'VE MADE IT VERY *CLEAR.* WHAT I DON'T GET-- WHAT YOU WON'T EXPLAIN-- IS *WHY?*
WHY DOES THIS *"WHITE MARTIAN"* WANT TO DESTROY *ANYTHING?* WHAT DID *WE* DO TO IT?

IT SAYS IT COMES FROM SOMEWHERE SO FAR AWAY IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO SPEAK IN TERMS OF DISTANCE.
THE WHITE MARTIAN HAS DECIDED ON TRAGEDY. I CAN MAKE IT NO CLEARER.
CAN'T OR *WON'T?*

CAN'T. ANALOGY: EXPLAIN THE *CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM* TO A *SUNFLOWER SEED.* MAKE A PARAMECIUM UNDERSTAND PROPERTY. LAY OUT PRISONS TO A *PEBBLE.*
UNDERSTAND? *CAN'T.*

SO I DON'T TALK ABOUT IT AT ALL.


WHITE MARTIAN IS COSMIC
PREDATOR
CREATOR
IRONIST
DESTROYER
A HUNDRED THOUSAND LIFEWORLDS, LOST! WHITE'S GREAT
PURPOSE
DELIVRE
DELIGHT.

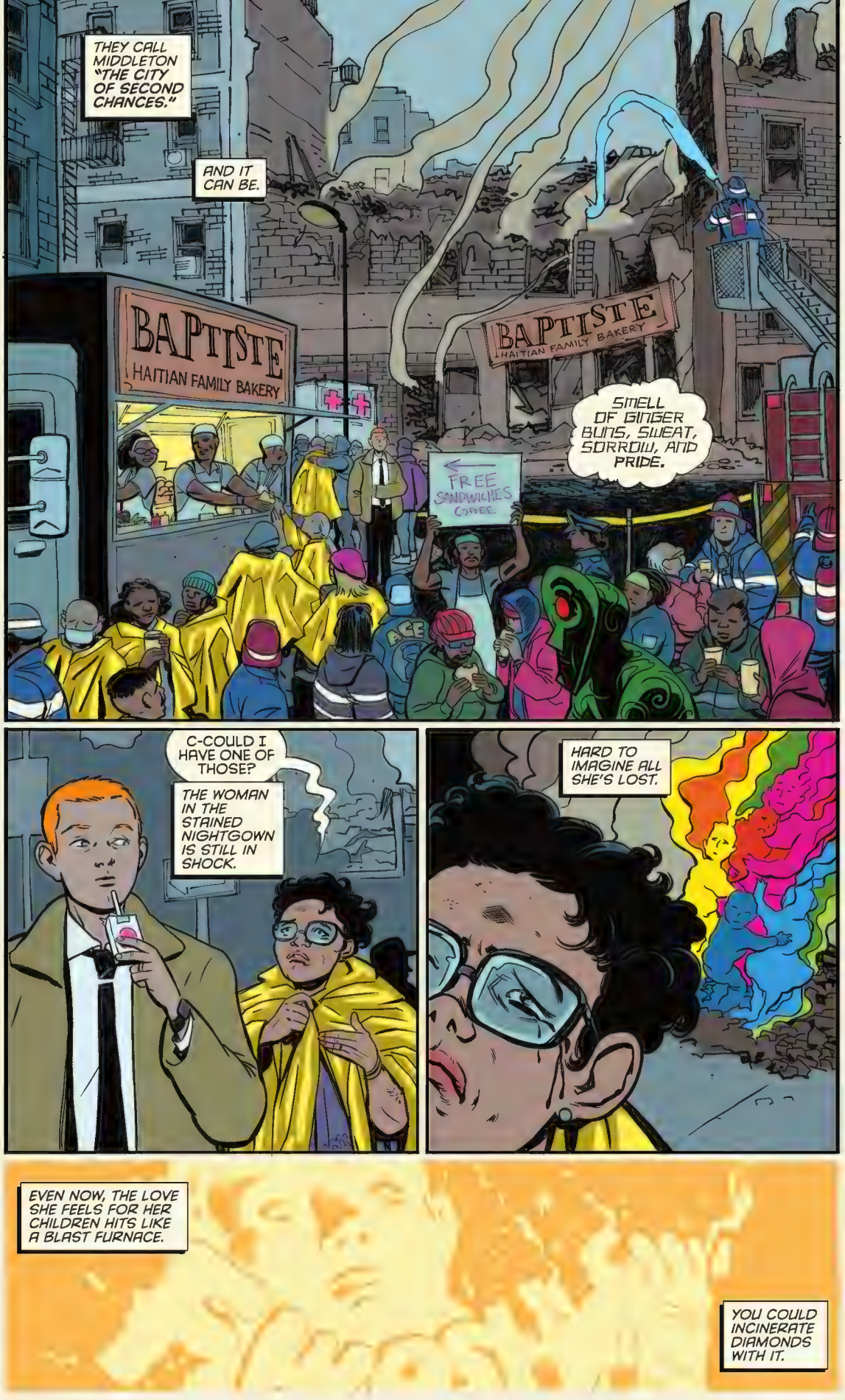
TALK TO BRIDGET. SPEND TIME WITH TYLER.
BREATHE DEEP YOUR LIFE, JOHN JONES. WHILE YOU CAN.
THE WHITE MARTIAN HAS DECIDED ON TRAGEDY.

AT HOME THE AIR IS THICK WITH THE THINGS WE THINK BUT DON'T SAY.
...why won't he talk to me?
I feel like I barely know him...
...just want Tyler to be happy, most important thing...
would he even care?
SO I OPEN A WINDOW TO LET IN SOME LIGHT AND AIR.
BRIDGE, I...
MEMORY OF: SPECIAL AGENT SUTTREE'S DISAPPOINTED FACE, SAYING--
WHY'D YOU HAVE TO GO AND DO IT, KID?
...I'M GOING TO CHECK ON TYLER.
Huh? Oh. HE'S IN HIS ROOM.

TYLER, I--
...TYLER?
RARGGG
YOU SHOULD TAKE THAT.
JONES.
WHAT?
WHEN?!

NO, I'M JUST STEPPING OUTSIDE NOW. I HAVEN'T--

WEEEOOO
BAD IDEA #1937-231.
WEEEOOOO
WEEEOOOO
WEEEOOOO
WEEEOOOO
WEEEOOOO
WEEEOOOO
"THE EMANCIPATION OF THE IMMOLATED."
WEEEEOOO


THEY CALL MIDDLETON "THE CITY OF SECOND CHANCES."
AND IT CAN BE.
BAPTISTE
HAITIAN FAMILY BAKERY
BAPTISTE
HAITIAN FAMILY BAKERY
SMELL OF GINGER BUNS, SWEAT, SORROW, AND PRIDE.
FREE SANDWICHES COFFEE
C-COULD I HAVE ONE OF THOSE?
THE WOMAN IN THE STAINED NIGHTGOWN IS STILL IN SHOCK.
HARD TO IMAGINE ALL SHE'S LOST.
EVEN NOW, THE LOVE SHE FEELS FOR HER CHILDREN HITS LIKE A BLAST FURNACE.
YOU COULD INCINERATE DIAMONDS WITH IT.

STRANGERS WERE BURNING DOWN STRANGERS' HOMES.
GAS
GAS
PEOPLE WERE BURNING DOWN THEIR OWN HOMES.
A GANG OF KIDS BURNED THEIR BELOVED PLAYGROUND DOWN.

OPEN
YOUR
OUR
MY
EYE, JOHN. SEE THAT INSIDE IS OUTSIDE IS ALL SIDES. SEE THE IMPLICATE ORDER OF EVERYTHING!
MARTIAN VISION— THE ABSOLUTE PERSPECTIVE!
VISION
NOW— WHAT DO YOU SEE?
"I see... I SEE HOME.

"NOT JUST MINE. ALL OF THEM. EVERY HOME THAT EVER WAS OR WILL BE, ANYWHERE ON THE PLANET.
"THAT'S WHAT IT WANTS. THAT'S WHAT IT'S TRYING TO BURN DOWN.
"NOT ANY SPECIFIC HOME-- OR EVEN ALL HOMES-- BUT THE IDEA OF HOME."

THE PLACE YOU GO INSIDE YOURSELF. CONCEPT-STELLATION:

HOME.

SAFETY.

H-TEL
"SHELTER."
THE SUNNYSIDE HOTEL IS MIDDLETON'S LARGEST HOMELESS SHELTER.
SUNNYSIDE
CRASH!
FWOSH
MIDDLETON PD, FD, THIS IS AGENT JOHN JONES. THE NEXT TARGET IS THE SUNNYSIDE HOTEL.
I REPEAT, GET DOWN TO THE SUNNYSIDE HOTEL!
THEY CALL IT THE SUNNYSIDE HOTEL SO THAT WHEN FAMILIES HAVE TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES, THEY CAN TELL THE KIDS THEY'RE GOING TO THE HOTEL.
LIKE IT'S A VACATION RESORT, INSTEAD OF A DESPERATE LAST ONE.

MOST ARE RUNNING FROM SOMETHING.
DADDY FOUND YOU, LITTLE ELLIE! YOU'VE MADE DADDY ANGRY!
POVERTY, PERSECUTION, ABUSE, ADDICTION...
HOW COULD YOU JUST LEAVE? HOW COULD YOU JUST GO?
...RESPONSIBILITIES, DISASTER, DESPAIR.
THEY'VE ALL GOT A REASON. AND THEY'RE ALL DIFFERENT.
WHY CAN'T YOU JUST BE NORMAL WHY CAN'T YOU JUST BE MY SON
BUT THEY'RE ALL BASICALLY DESPERATE FOR THE SAME THING.

CRASH!
A CHANCE.
GRAB!
CRASH!

RACING THROUGH MULLIONED LIGHT, WE WERE JUST A MINUTE OR TWO AWAY ON FOOT.

THE MARTIAN KNOWS MORE DIRECT PATHS THAN "A to B".

SHORTCUTS THROUGH NON-EUCLIDEAN SPACE.

WE GO THROUGH THE SUNNYSIDE ROOM BY ROOM. THE MARTIAN IS DOING SOMETHING TO THE OXYGEN ATOMS AROUND MY SKIN SO THE HEAT DOESN'T TOUCH ME.
?
BUT THE FIRE IS MORE THAN FIRE, THE SMOKE IS MORE THAN SMOKE.
HOTEL
THERE ARE THINGS INSIDE THEM THAT REFUSE TO BE EXTINGUISHED.
?

AS THE MARTIAN WRESTLES WITH A TANGLE OF ANGER AND ALCOHOL VAPORS...
...I SUDDENLY SMELL BURNING FLESH AND ICY CALM.
I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR... THE GREEN ONE.
JONES!
JONES, YOU OUT HERE?

IT KNOWS... YOU'RE *HERE. HIDING...* IN MEAT. IT KNOWS...
...YOU'RE *LOOKING.*
JONES! JONES, WHERE ARE YOU?!
IT... WELCOMES YOU... TO *WATCH.*
IT *LOVES...* AN *AUDIENCE.*
AHHHH
AAAA
HHHHA
CRASH!
AW, GOD!
AAAHHHHHHHHH...

MOST PEOPLE... DON'T GET IT. THEY THINK... IT'S ABOUT THE FIRE.
IT'S NOT... IT'S ABOUT... THE SMOKE.
GOD, THAT'S HORRIBLE!
"Changing professions," huh?
YOU GET IT, D-D-DON'T YOU? Y-YEAH, I CAN TELL YOU-- YOU GET IT.
writer Deniz Camp
art Javier Rodriguez
letters Hassan Otsmane-Elhaou
cover Javier Rodriguez
variant covers Ian Bertram Dan Panosian
#25 variant cover Riley Rossmo and Ivan Plascencia
#50 variant cover Shawn Crystal
associate editor Sabrina Futch
editor Katie Kubert
Martian Manhunter created by Joseph Samachson and Joe Certa

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #4**
cover by Javier Rodríguez

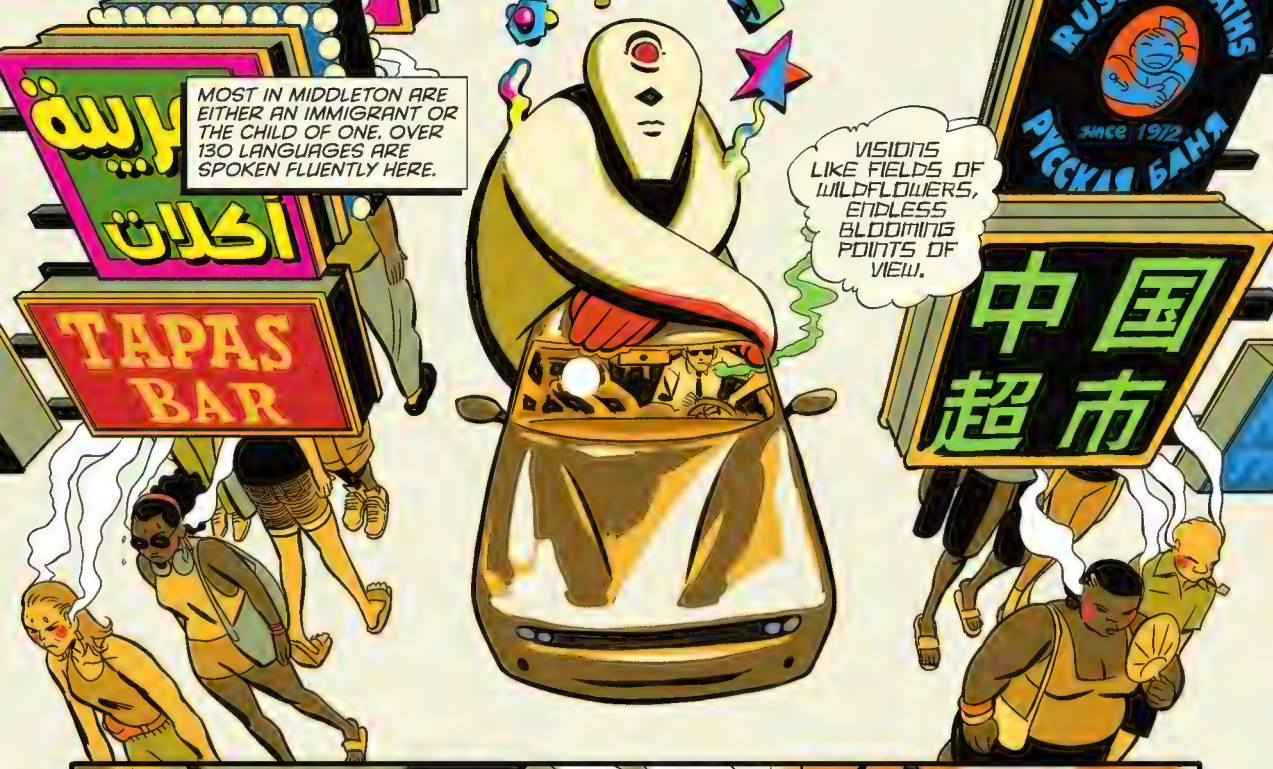
***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #4**
variant cover by Tirso

FROZEN Coffee!!
CHOFF
WE'RE ABOUT TO HAVE A FIGHT.

JOHN, WE HAVE TO TALK.
IT'S WRITTEN ALL OVER HER FACE.
SEPARATION
ALONE
BAD HUSBAND
CAN'T. SOME KIND OF RIOT DOWN-TOWN.
FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, IT'S A BIG ONE.
VIOLENT SHIFT IN SPECTRUM. MANIC MARTIAN BLEACHLIGHT.
I DIDN'T HEAR YOU GET A CALL. DON'T MAKE EXCUSES. I'M SERIOUS, JOHN.
SO AM I. PEOPLE WERE HURT AND NOBODY KNOWS WHAT CAUSED IT.
FALSE. YOU KNOW.
I
WE
THEY NEED ME, BRIDGE.
I NEED YOU! WE NEED YOU! WHY IS THAT SO HARD FOR YOU TO--
YOU ALWAYS DO THIS. YOU MAKE ME OUT TO BE SOME KIND OF MONSTER FOR WANTING YOUR TIME.
I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED, OKAY?

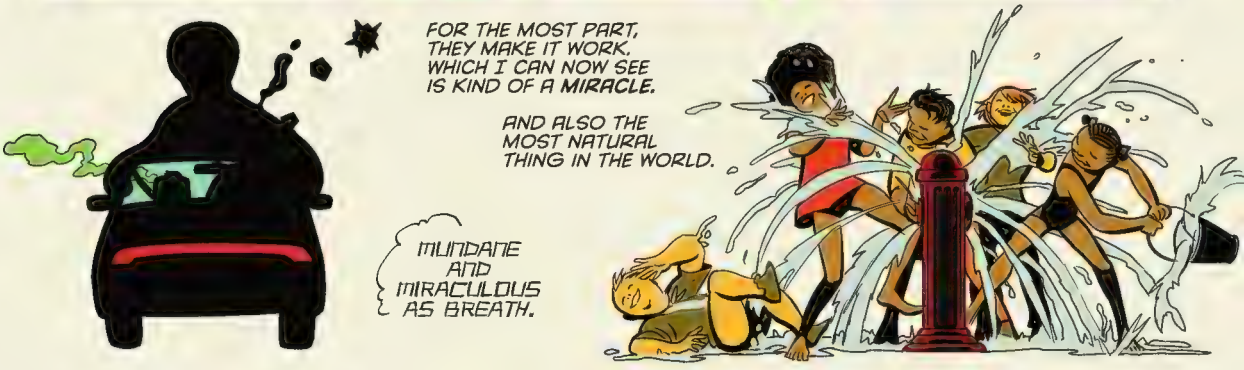
TWENTY-ONE BROKEN BONES, NINE CONCUSSIONS, AND A WOMAN WHO WILL NEVER WALK AGAIN. NOT TO MENTION A FEW HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF PROPERTY DAMAGE.
POLICE
ALL THAT OVER SOME SPILLED COFFEE.
HIGH IN THE SKY, THE SUN IS THE COLOR OF TRAFFIC JAMS, CHILD ABUSE, AND HYPOCRISY.
THE MARTIAN LOOKS CONCERNED. OR MAYBE RESIGNED.
BAD IDEA #8429: "WHITE HEAT OF WAR."

IT'S THIS *HEAT.* 103 IN THE SHADE FOR TEN STRAIGHT DAYS.
OUR BRAINS ARE BOILING IN THEIR OWN JUICES. EVERYONE'S WALKIN' AROUND HALF-COOKED.
VERY ADVANCED
POWERFUL
INGENIOUS.
WILL TAKE TIME
EFFORT
ENERGY TO REPAIR.
BETTER TRY TO COOL THINGS DOWN, THEN, *huh?* METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING.
METAPHOR = REALITY.
Oh, YEAH, I GUESS.
BY THE WAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO MAYWEATHER? HAVEN'T SEEN HIM AROUND IN A WHILE.
QUIT THREE WEEKS AGO. I DON'T BLAME HIM.
POLICE
FBI
EVIDENCE
POLICE
@$#% GETS IN YOUR HEAD, YOU KNOW?


MOST IN MIDDLETON ARE EITHER AN IMMIGRANT OR THE CHILD OF ONE. OVER 130 LANGUAGES ARE SPOKEN FLUENTLY HERE.
TAPAS BAR
VISIONS LIKE FIELDS OF WILDFLOWERS, ENDLESS BLOOMING POINTS OF VIEW.
since 1972
中国超市

THERE ARE COMMUNITIES FROM PLACES MOST AMERICANS HAVE NEVER EVEN **HEARD** OF. PEOPLE WITHOUT COUNTRIES TO GO BACK TO.
"CITY OF SECOND CHANCES." HAHA!
KURDIS

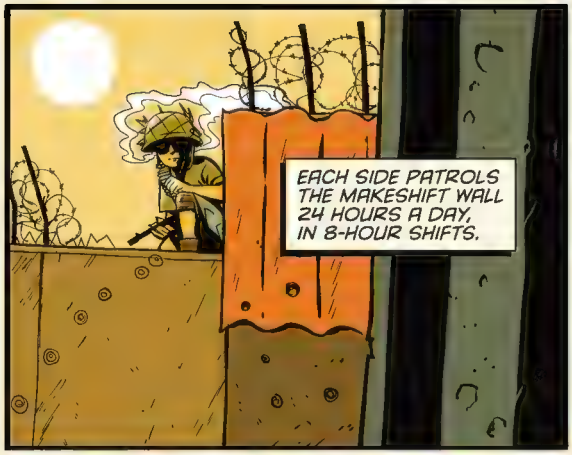
BUT A SECOND CHANCE TAKES **WORK.** I NEVER SAW BEFORE NOW-- NEVER UNDERSTOOD-- HOW **MUCH** WORK.
SECOND CHANCES MEAN LIVING WITH CENTURIES-OLD CULTURAL ENEMIES. SECOND CHANCES MEAN FINDING A WAY TO HOLD ON TO YOUR LANGUAGE, TRADITIONS, AND VALUES WHILE ADAPTING TO **OTHERS.**
田中食堂


FOR THE MOST PART, THEY MAKE IT WORK. WHICH I CAN NOW SEE IS KIND OF A **MIRACLE.**
AND ALSO THE MOST NATURAL THING IN THE WORLD.
MUNDANE AND MIRACULOUS AS BREATH.

FOR THE MOST PART.
ON HAPPYHEART LANE, PEOPLE ARE LITERALLY STEAMING MAD.
THE STEAM SCREAMS IN HIGH-PITCHED OUTRAGE. IT WHISTLES CURSES AND PROMISES VIOLENCE AND DEGRADATION.
THE THREE LIONS
THE FOUR LEAF
LITERAL = METAPHOR
METAPHOR = LITERAL
IT SIGNALS SERIOUS INTENT.
IN THE BONE-WHITE LIGHT--
--(which no one else seems to notice)--
--PREJUDICES PEOPLE WORKED HARD TO PUT AWAY SUDDENLY FLARE BACK TO VIVID LIFE.

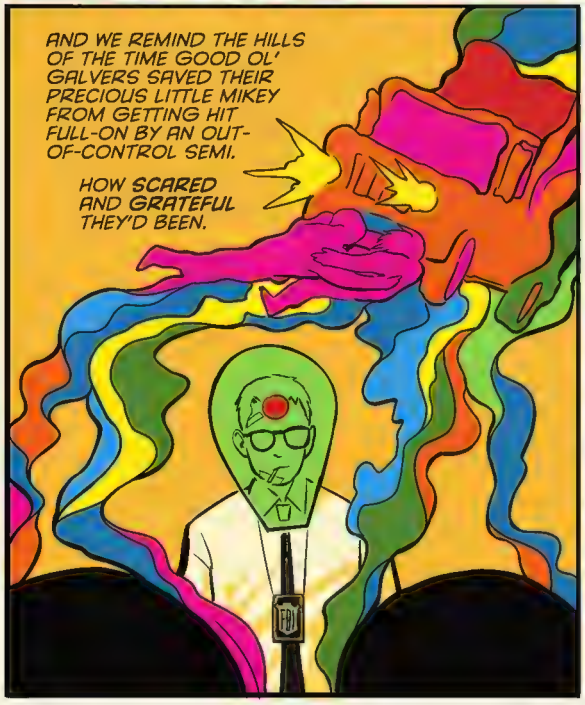
ON DAY TWELVE OF THE HEAT WAVE, THE THIN STRIP OF GRASS BETWEEN 961 AND 963 COOLIDGE ROAD IS A WAR ZONE.

YER FOUR FEET OVER AND YA KNOW IT!
MATT GALVERS AND CALVIN HILL HAVE BEEN NEIGHBORS FOR TWENTY YEARS. THEY'D WATCHED EACH OTHER'S KIDS GROW UP TOGETHER, SHARED A LOVE OF CRAFT BEERS AND CARS THEY COULD NEVER AFFORD.
GET 'EM, HONEY!
BLAM
BLAM
BUT A LONGSTANDING ARGUMENT OVER THE PROPERTY LINE HAD SUDDENLY EXPLODED INTO ALL-OUT WAR.
BLAM
BLAM
CHECK THE MUNICIPAL MAPS, YOU SUBHUMAN, SQUATTING #@%&!


EACH SIDE PATROLS THE MAKESHIFT WALL 24 HOURS A DAY, IN 8-HOUR SHIFTS.

EVEN THE KIDS AREN'T SPARED.

THE MARTIAN'S HAD NO LUCK WITH THE SUN, SO WE TRY TO TREAT THE SYMPTOMS. IT'S TEMPORARY RELIEF AT BEST.
WE REMIND MATT GALVERS ABOUT THE TIME THE HILLS WATCHED LITTLE GUS AND MOWED THEIR LAWN AND GOT A MEAL TRAIN GOING WHILE MATT SAT UP DAY AND NIGHT WITH SELMA DURING HER CANCER TREATMENTS AND RESULTANT UNPLEASANT SIDE EFFECTS.

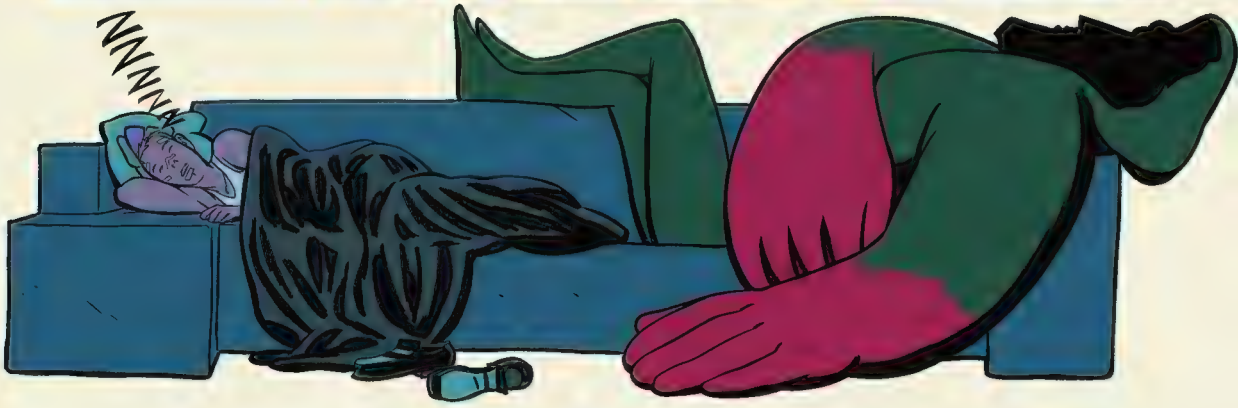

AND WE REMIND THE HILLS OF THE TIME GOOD OL' GALVERS SAVED THEIR PRECIOUS LITTLE MIKEY FROM GETTING HIT FULL-ON BY AN OUT-OF-CONTROL SEMI.
HOW SCARED AND GRATEFUL THEY'D BEEN.

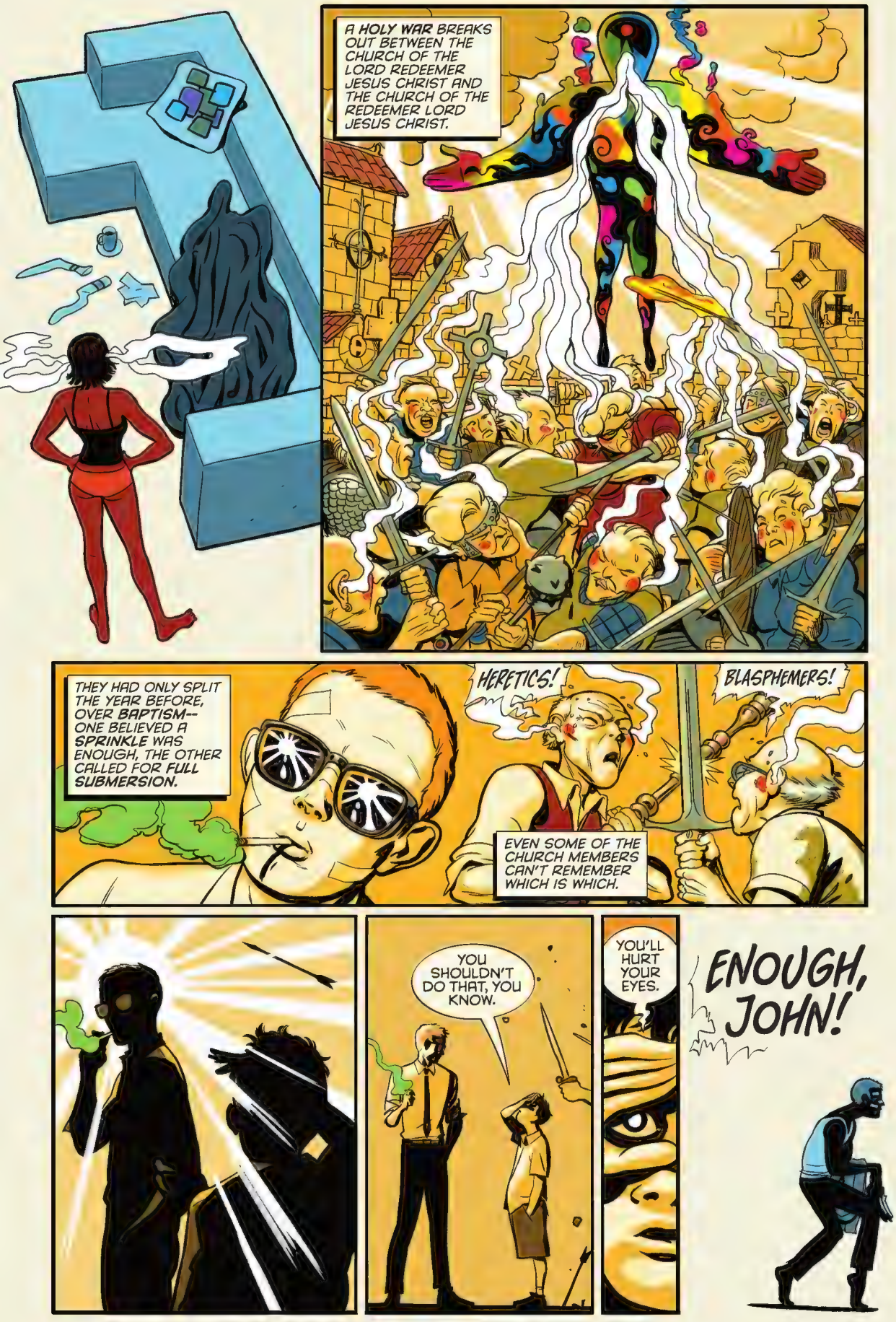
ON DAY THIRTEEN, THERE ARE THIRTEEN SEPARATE UNPROVOKED POLICE SHOOTINGS AT ROUTINE TRAFFIC STOPS. ALL IN **ONE DAY.**

THE POLICE ARE RED-FACED AND UNREPENTANT, A MILLION JUSTIFICATIONS BEADING ON THE WINDOWS OF THEIR OWN INTERROGATION ROOMS.

THINGS GET VIOLENT QUICKLY IN THE ALLEY.
THERE WAS A DISAGREEMENT AS TO WHETHER A MEMBER OF THE LUCKY STRIKES' TOE WENT OVER THE LINE.

STRIIIKE!


NNNNN


A HOLY WAR BREAKS OUT BETWEEN THE CHURCH OF THE LORD REDEEMER JESUS CHRIST AND THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER LORD JESUS CHRIST.
THEY HAD ONLY SPLIT THE YEAR BEFORE, OVER BAPTISM-- ONE BELIEVED A SPRINKLE WAS ENOUGH, THE OTHER CALLED FOR FULL SUBMERSION.
HERETICS!
BLASPHEMERS!
EVEN SOME OF THE CHURCH MEMBERS CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH IS WHICH.
YOU SHOULDN'T DO THAT, YOU KNOW.
YOU'LL HURT YOUR EYES.
ENOUGH, JOHN!

YOU CAN'T AVOID ME FOREVER!
BRIDGE...
...YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS. I'M NOT AVOIDING--
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE PARTNERS, JOHN.
PFFFFF
W-WE ARE.
SO WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

YOU'VE NEVER BEEN ONE TO SHOW YOUR EMOTIONS. I NEVER NEEDED YOU TO BE.
ALL I HAD TO DO WAS LOOK INTO YOUR EYES AND...
...AND IT WAS LIKE I COULD READ YOUR THOUGHTS, YOUR FEELINGS.
LIKE THEY WERE WRITTEN IN A LANGUAGE ONLY I COULD READ.
THAT'S WHY, BEFORE NOW, I NEVER DOUBTED OUR MARRIAGE...
...DOUBTED HOW YOU FELT ABOUT...
...FEEL ABOUT ME AND TYLER...

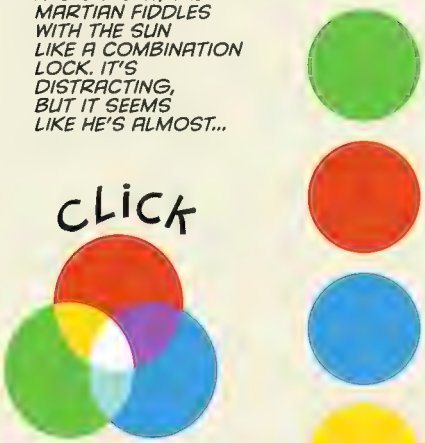
YOU DOUBT...?
"...HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU?"
You know...
...of course you...

WHEN I LOOK INTO YOUR EYES NOW, JOHN, IT'S ALL...
...WRITTEN IN ANOTHER LANGUAGE. I CAN'T READ IT.
PASS
PASS
JOHN...I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU *ARE* ANY-MORE.
I'M THE SAME MAN I'VE ALWAYS BEEN.

REALLY?! I MEAN, YOU MOVE US HERE WITHOUT ANY EXPLANATION OR CONSULTATION--
I DID EXPLAIN. IT'S THE BUREAU--
--WITHOUT EVEN ANY DISCUSSION O-O-OR NOTICE. ONE DAY WE JUST PICKED UP AND LEFT!
WE LIVED IN D.C. FOR SIX YEARS, JOHN. ALL OUR FRIENDS WERE THERE. AND NOW NONE OF THEM WILL RETURN MY CALLS OR TEXTS.
I must have called Sam and Evelyn a dozen--
AND NO ONE WILL EXPLAIN TO ME WHY. YOU WON'T EXPLAIN WHY.
I DON'T KNOW WHY.
SLAP

WHILE BRIDGET AND I FIGHT, THE MARTIAN FIDDLES WITH THE SUN LIKE A COMBINATION LOCK. IT'S DISTRACTING, BUT IT SEEMS LIKE HE'S ALMOST...

CLICK



I ALWAYS KNEW THERE WERE THINGS YOU COULDN'T TELL ME BECAUSE OF YOUR JOB.

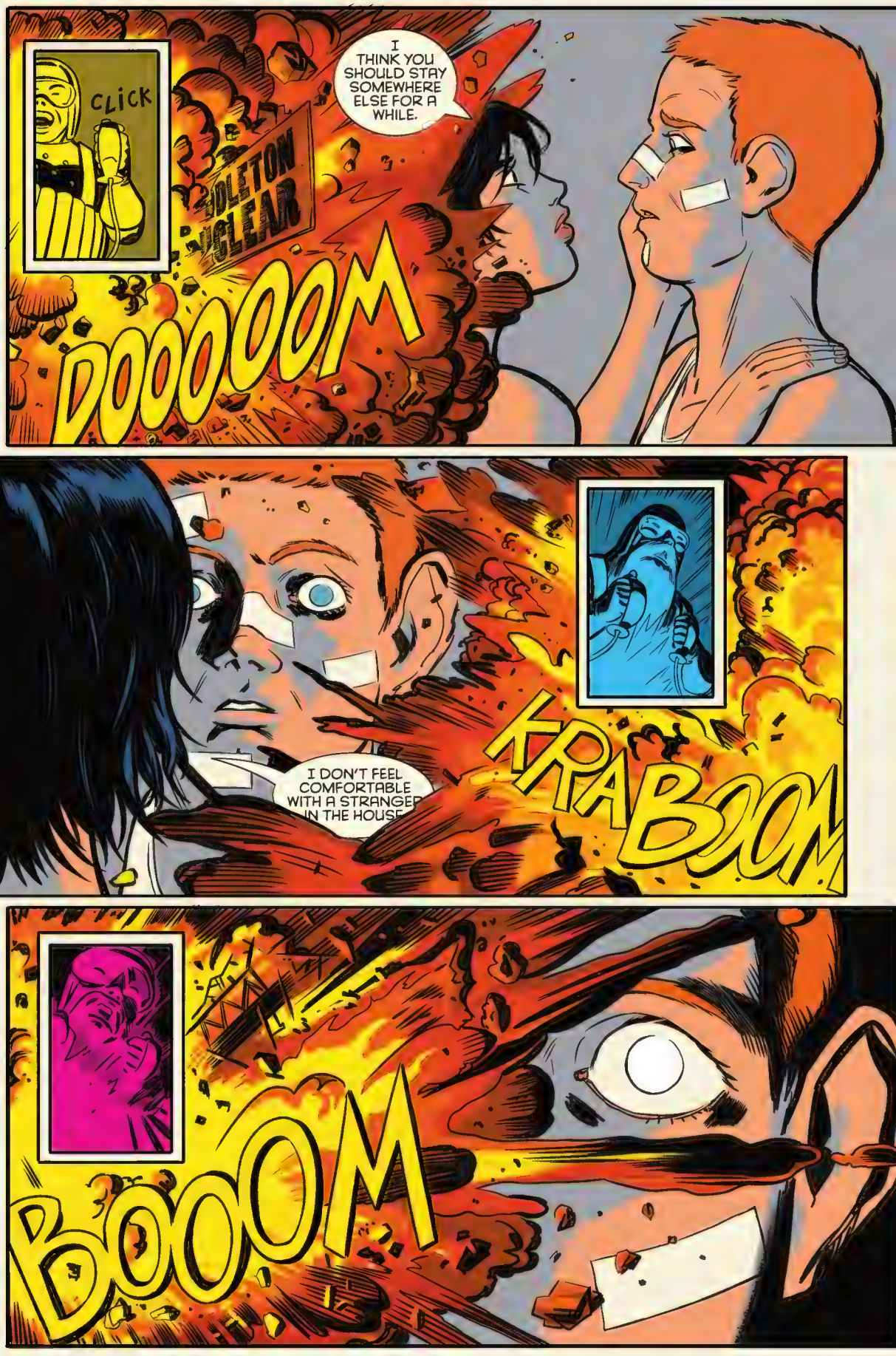
I *ACCEPTED* THAT, BECAUSE I KNEW YOU'D TELL ME ANYTHING IMPORTANT. ANYTHING THAT AFFECTED US.

OR I *THOUGHT* I KNEW THAT.

BRIDGE, *PLEASE,* IT'S FOR YOUR-- FOR *BOTH* OF YOUR PROTECTION!

CHIP CHIP

OH! SO FIRST I'M IMAGINING THINGS, AND NOW IT'S FOR MY OWN GOOD?!
WAIT, THAT'S NOT WHAT I--
MIDDLET NUCLEAR
P
MIDDLETO COAL
ODLETON GAS
HAHA!
MARS
NO! I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE! ALL THESE SECRETS, ALL THESE LIES!
BRIDGE, I'M NOT--


CLICK
I THINK YOU SHOULD STAY SOMEWHERE ELSE FOR A WHILE.
DOOOOOM
I DON'T FEEL COMFORTABLE WITH A STRANGER IN THE HOUSE
KRABOOM
BOOOOM

Wha--?

MISUNDERSTANDING
MISTAKE
STUPID.
LIGHT = SHINY DISTRACTION.
writer
Devin Grayson
art
Javier Rodriguez
letters
Hassan Otsmane-Elhaou
#25 variant cover
Riley Rossmo
associate editor
Sabrina Pitch
cover
Javier Rodriguez
editor
Andrea Shea
variant covers
Derrick Chew
Tirso
#50 variant cover
Marguerite Sauvage
Martian Manhunter created by
Joseph Samachson and Joe Certa

DARKNESS WAS WHITE MARTIAN'S TRUE INTENT.

Absolute Martian Manhunter #5 cover
by Javier Rodríguez

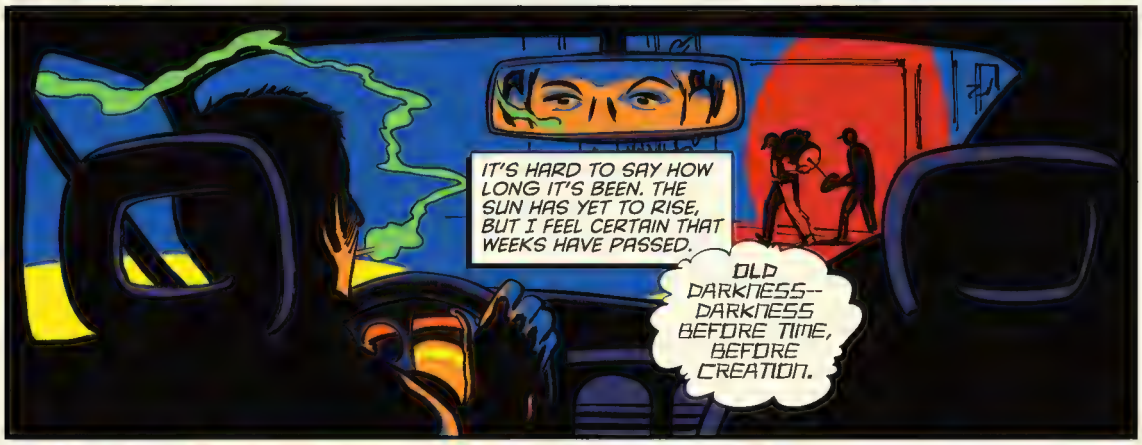
***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #5**
variant cover by Francesco Francavilla

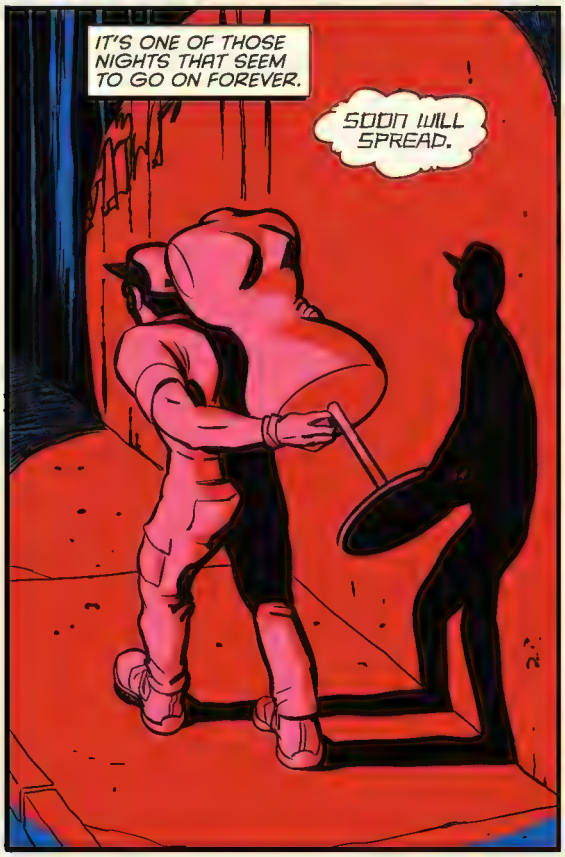
CRK CRIK
CRIK
CRK
CRK
CHOCOS
C'mere, YA LITTLE BITCH.

CLOWN
0.0
SHING
BARK BARK BARK BARK
WE ALL HAVE A DARK SIDE.

BENEATH CONSCIOUS THOUGHT.
Stupid. I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HER OUT, BUT I DID IT ANYWAY. Why'd I...?
HAD HER SINCE I WAS SEVEN. SHE WAS A GOOD DOG. A very good...
NO DOGS
A CHARCOAL SKETCH OF OUR PERVERSIONS, URGES, SECRETS, PAIN.
WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO CATCH THIS DOG-KILLING PSYCHO?!
OUR SHADOW SELVES...
...THE ONES WE STUFF DOWN AND STEP ON AND IGNORE.
WELL, I GUESS THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH.
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THIS CITY? WE CAN'T EVEN KEEP OUR DOGS SAFE ANY-MORE.
BECAUSE THE SHADOWS ARE RISING UP.

A COORDINATED ATTACK ON MIDDLETON POWER STATIONS HAS LEFT THE CITY IN TOTAL DARKNESS.
GREAT DARKNESS. COSMIC DARKNESS.


IT'S HARD TO SAY HOW LONG IT'S BEEN. THE SUN HAS YET TO RISE, BUT I FEEL CERTAIN THAT WEEKS HAVE PASSED.
OLD DARKNESS-- DARKNESS BEFORE TIME, BEFORE CREATION.


IT'S ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS THAT SEEM TO GO ON FOREVER.
SOON WILL SPREAD.

EVERYBODY KNOWS, INSTINCTIVELY, THAT MORNING WILL NEVER COME.
THE FINAL NIGHT.

MOST PEOPLE HIDE IN THE SAFETY OF THEIR LIGHTLESS LIVING ROOMS.
THEY LOOK OUT FROM BEHIND BLINDS AND JUMP AT SHADOWS.
WHO CAN BLAME THEM?
NO ONE. NO ONE.
CAN'T SEE $#!% OUT THERE. IT'S ALL JUST... DARKER AND DARKER SHADOWS.
GREAT DARKNESS IS SPIRITUAL DARKNESS, OBSCURES
OCCLUDES
DIMINISHES MARTIAN VISION. WE'RE DRIVING BLIND, PARTNER.
HAVE TO TRUST OUR OTHER SENSES.
THE STREETS ARE FAR FROM EMPTY, DESPITE THE HOUR.
LOOTINGS ARE COMMON IN BLACK-OUTS, BUT THESE ARE DIFFERENT.
ELEC
TV SALES
32"
TWO-PERSON TEAMS OF TEENS AND THEIR TWO-DIMENSIONAL DOUBLES CARRY TVs, HAIR DRYERS, STEREOS, AND OTHER USELESS ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT THROUGH SMASHED SHOP WINDOWS.
ELECTRO
THE SHADOWS ARE A NEGATIVE INFLUENCE.

WILD TEENS, ABANDONING EVERYTHING, ESTABLISH NEW--
--(or rediscover old)--
--ECSTATIC RELIGIONS.
PERFUMED WITH PATCHOULI AND NIGHT-BLOOMING JASMINE, THEY DANCE IN FRONT OF GREAT FIRES AND HOLD UP THEIR USELESS LOOT. EACH SHADOW CAST BECOMES A BRIEF OBJECT OF WORSHIP.
THEY GIVE THESE NEW GODS NEW NAMES AND NEW STORIES, PRAY AND SING IMPROVISED HYMNS, SPILL BLOOD IN THEIR DIVINE NEW NAMES...
...UNTIL THEY GET BORED AND THROW IT ALL IN THE FIRE-- OBJECT, SHADOW, GOD, AND NAME. AND START AGAIN.
WEE-OOO
OTHERS WORSHIP THE LIGHT.
THEY PURSUE IT VIOLENTLY. WHY? WHAT ARE THEY AFTER, EXACTLY?
WEE OOO
DO THEY WANT TO SAVE IT, OR BE SAVED BY IT?
DO THEY WANT TO DESTROY--
--OR BE DESTROYED?

DESPITE THE BLACKOUT, BRIDGET REFUSES TO SEE ME.
SHE WAS NEVER ESPECIALLY SCARED OF THE DARK.
BUT SHE SHOULD BE.
WE CAN'T SEE PEOPLE CLEARLY IN THIS KIND OF GLOOM. TO BE SURE OF ANYTHING, WE HAVE TO GET UP CLOSE.
I KNOW BRIDGET CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF. THAT'S--
--THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS I--
--ONE OF THE AMAZING THINGS SHE--
SHE COULD ALWAYS TAKE CARE OF HERSELF.
BUT I WAIT BY THE CAR WHILE THE MARTIAN MAKES SURE ANYWAY.

CERTAIN GROCERY STORES AND RESTAURANTS, PROMISING "OPEN ALL NIGHT," FIND THEMSELVES IN OVER THEIR HEADS.
CRIK
CRK
CRIK
CRK
CRIK
CRK
CRIK
THE NIGHT SHIFT REALLY GRINDS YOU DOWN.
CRIK
FSSSSS
LONG NIGHTS LIKE THIS CAN BE A KILLER.
ENJOY YOUR MEAL!

OPEN
STOP! DON'T TAKE A SINGLE BITE!
PUT DOWN THE HAMBURGERS AND NO ONE GETS HURT!
CAUGHT A WHIFF OF THE SECRET INGREDIENT AS I WALKED BY.
WE'VE GOT A RUNNER!
DUMB LUCK.
RAZOR-SHARP STARS OF RAGE TEAR UP THE INSIDE OF MY NOSE, BUT EVEN STILL I'M TEMPTED.
EXIT
THE BURGERS SMELL DELICIOUS.

I WALK THROUGH THE PARK LOOKING FOR TROUBLE BUT FIND MOSTLY LOVE AND FIREFLIES.
KIDS PLAY TAG WITH THEIR OWN SHADOWS.
I GUESS THEY'RE ON BETTER TERMS THAN WE ARE WITH OURS.
MAYBE OUR SHADOW IS JUST ANOTHER OLD FRIEND WE LOSE TOUCH WITH.
I REALIZE THAT, EVEN IN THE MOONLIGHT, I CAN'T TELL WHICH IS THE SHADOW AND WHICH IS THE REAL THING.

DAMN. SUDDENLY HAVE A CRAVING FOR CHOCOS.
ISN'T IT INCREDIBLE HOW GOOD THEY ARE AT ADVERTISING NOW, LIKE THEY'RE ALMOST IN YOUR HEAD?
CHOCOS
NO WAY, TYLER. THOSE THINGS ARE TERRIBLE FOR YOU.
CHOCOS
PACHECO'S DISCOUNT
FRESH
PACHECO'S
THEY'VE REALLY GOT IT DOWN TO A SCIENCE.
CHO

CHOCOS

CHOCOS
CHOCOS

PACHECO'S
GROCERIES
PACHEC
FRESH
OPEN
PACHECO'S
CHOCOS
PUPPY
PARKING

CHOCOS
CHOCOS

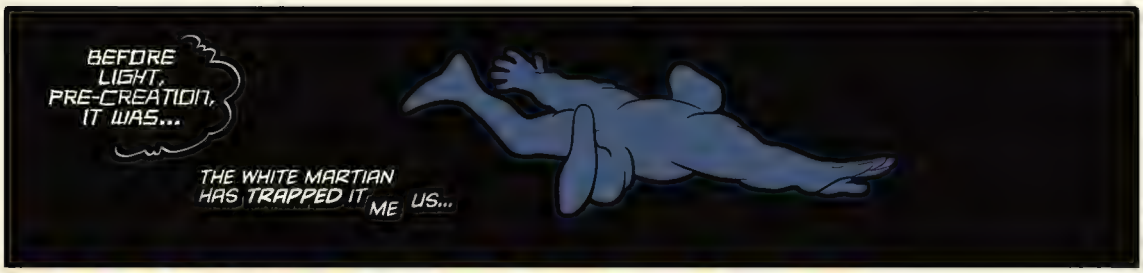
CHOCOS
CHOCOS
CHOCOS
CHOCOS

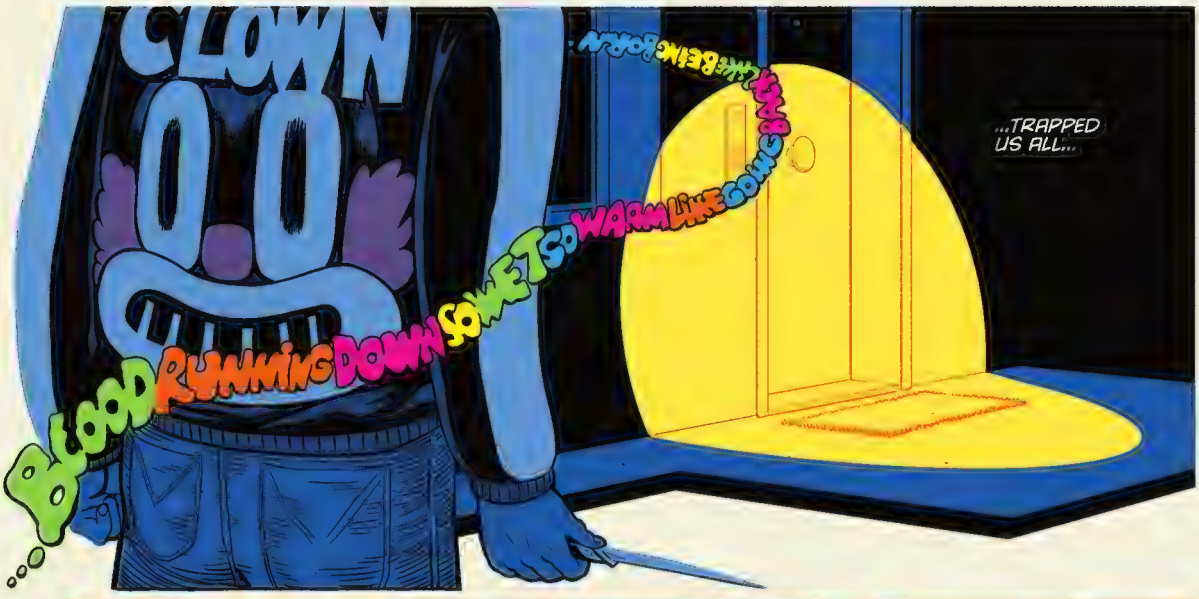
WE ALL HAVE A DARK SIDE.
POW
SMACK
PACHECOS FRESH FRUIT
C'mon, TYLER. STAY CLOSE.
BUT WE DON'T HAVE TO GIVE IN TO IT.
"BEN...? WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND?"
CANDY

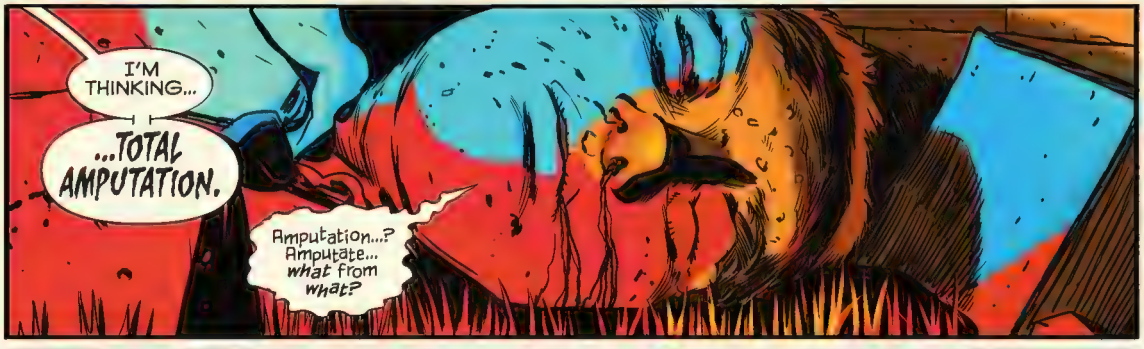
BEN, S THAT A--
BLAM
WE ALL HAVE A CHOICE.
BLAM BLAM
Daddy
BLAM
SQWAUK! Gimmeaki--
BLAM
DON'T WE?
BLAM
VERY SAD SWEET INVENTIVE STORY, PARTNER.
Damn. Too late.
TAP TAP
Too late for any of them.

WEEOOOO
WEE
THEY GOT HERE FAST. I FIGURED--
WEE OOOOO
WEE EOOOO
VROOOOOO
OOOOM
CRASH
SKREEEECH

AND THEN I'M SWIMMING THROUGH A SEA OF DARKNESS. OR THE MARTIAN IS.
DINGY BASEMENT OF REALITY. COLD
OLD
ENDLESS.
IT'S GETTING HARD TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE.
ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS MY FAMILY. HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY--
MOUSE
--family. Have to get to get back--
MIDDLETON AMBULANCE
DON'T WORRY. WE'LL GET YOU BACK TO YOUR FAMILY.
WE'LL FIX YOU RIGHT UP.


BEFORE LIGHT, PRE-CREATION, IT WAS...
THE WHITE MARTIAN HAS TRAPPED IT, ME US...


CLOWN
0.0
...BLOOD RUNNING DOWN SOME IT SO WARM LIKE SOMEBODY LOVES ME BEING BORN...
...TRAPPED US ALL...


I'M THINKING...
...TOTAL AMPUTATION.
Amputation...? Amputate... what from what?

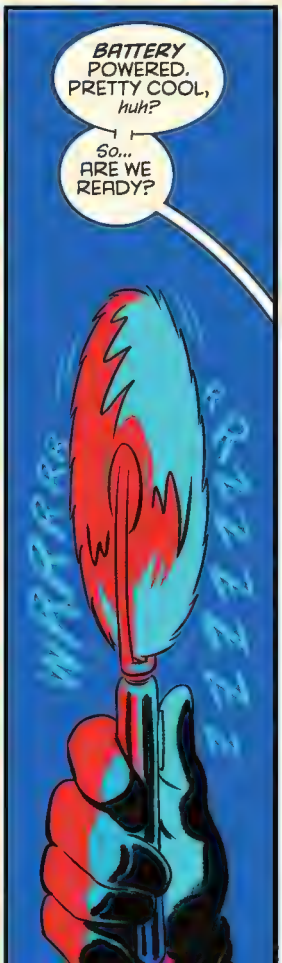
Well... WHATEVER FROM WHAT-EVER.

AFTER END, POST-EXISTENCE
WILL BE...
THE MARTIAN KEEPS SWIMMING, SEARCHING...
...SEARCHING FOR ITS CENTER...
...I THINK IT'S TRYING TO UNDERSTAND.
YOU'RE A MESS, MAN. THERE'S SO MUCH STUFF IN US. BUCKETS AND BUCKETS.
WHAT'S IT ALL FOR?
A-are you a doctor?
HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?

OBSCENE DREAMER
CREATION'S "BURNING TIGER-FORCE"!
COSMIC "SECRET ORIGIN"!

THE NATURE OF THE DARKNESS...
KNOCK KNOCK

WHO WE ARE IN THE DARK, WHEN NO ONE'S WATCHING...
...THAT'S WHO WE REALLY ARE. THAT'S THE REAL US.


BATTERY POWERED. PRETTY COOL, huh?
SO... ARE WE READY?

BAD IDEA #0—

Dark-side is.
BEGINNING
END
EVERYTHING.
KNOCK
KNOCK
THAT'S THE SPIRIT.
WRRRZZZ

Absolute Martian Manhunter
#6 cover by Javier Rodríguez

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #6**
variant cover by Amy Reeder

WHY DO PEOPLE DO THE THINGS THEY DO?
TRAUMATIC QUANTITIES OF PAIN
DAMAGE
DESPAIR!
YOU
I
WE ARE COMING APART!
OVEREXPOSURE TO FUNDAMENTAL REALITY RESULTS IN ANTI-LIFE SPIRAL!
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS BY NOW?
WHRRRR
RRF
Dark-side is.
Dark-side is.
Dark-side--
FOCUS, JOHN JONES!
SEE: BRIDGET AND TYLER. SEE THEM ALONE. SEE THEM NEEDING YOU.
THERE IS SOMETHING SERIOUSLY WRONG WITH YOU. YOU ARE ONE @$#*£€-UP DUDE.
IT DOESN'T MATTER.
PULL YOURSELF
US
EVERYTHING TOGETHER!
FOCUS
CONCENTRATE
REMEMBER WHAT MATTERS.
NOTHING MATTERS.

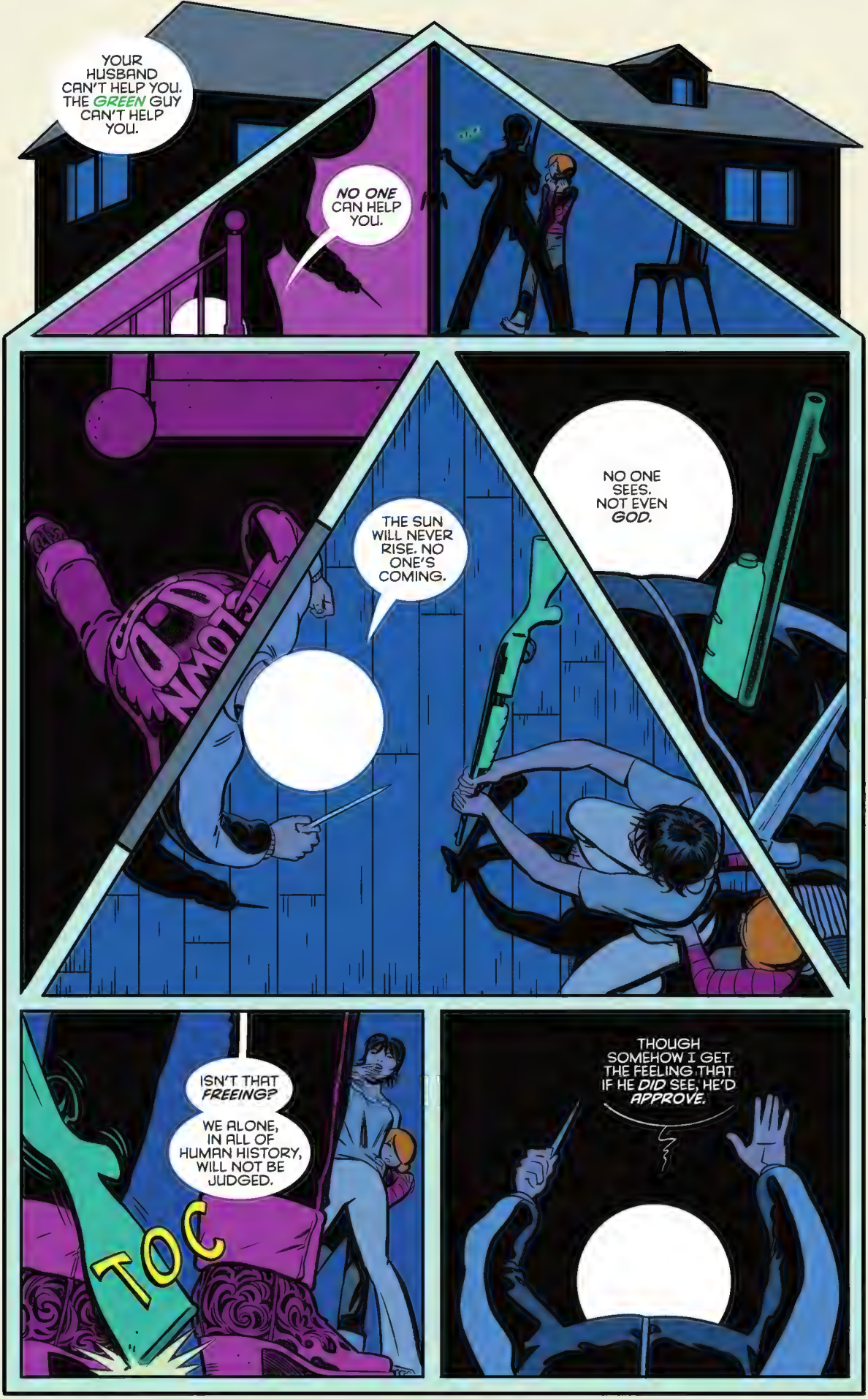
YOU KNOW IT. EVERYBODY KNOWS IT. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, BOB?
RRRF
CLOWN
FOCUS
CONCENTRATE
REMEMBER WHAT IS REAL!
Br-BRIDGET? TY--?
GET BACK! HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?!
MY BUDDY BOB TAUGHT ME HOW. HE'S FROM MARS OR SOMEWHERE, AND KNOWS ALL KINDSA CRAZY THINGS.
Like, TURNS OUT, EVERYTHING'S MOSTLY JUST EMPTY SPACE. DID YOU KNOW THAT? I DIDN'T KNOW THAT.
THE WALLS AND THE FLOORS
AND THE DOGS
AND THE DOORS.
MEANINGLESS ACCUMULATIONS OF NOTHING.
US, TOO. WE'RE ALL JUST MEANINGLESS ACCUMULATIONS OF NOTHING.
I'LL TELL THEM TO PUT THAT ON YOUR TOMB-STONE.
CHK CHK
"HERE LIES A MEANINGLESS ACCUMULATION OF NOTHING."
BLAM

SEE? MOSTLY NOTHING.
OPEN YOUR OUR MY EYE!
WRRRRRRRRR
MY FAMILY-- need to find-- SAVE MY--
IN MY PROFESSIONAL OPINION THERE'S NO SAVING ANYONE.
BUT IF WE ACCEPT THAT-- ACCEPT IT DEEP DOWN-- WE CAN GO ANYWHERE. WE CAN DO ANYTHING. I MOSTLY STUCK TO DOGS TILL NOW, BUT BOB MADE A PRETTY CONVINCING ARGUMENT...
"...A BITCH IS A BITCH IS A BITCH."
BLAM
NOW, DON'T WORRY-- WHEN WE'RE THROUGH YOU WON'T FEEL A THING.
LET US IN
OUT
THROUGH, JOHN!
...need... help...
YES! GOOD IDEA #325

"WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER, PARTNER."
THE MARTIAN LOOKS--
--just looks--
--AT THE ONE WITH THE SAW, AND ALL ELECTRICAL ACTIVITY IN HIS BRAIN IMMEDIATELY STOPS.
RRRRRR

GOOD OLD BOB. "THE MAN WITH THE HOLE FOR A HEAD." BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD.
HE LET ME IN ON THE BIG SECRET.

"SEE, IT WAS ALWAYS GOING TO HAPPEN THIS WAY. WE DON'T HAVE ANY SAY IN THE MATTER. NOT YOU, NOT ME. NOT EVEN BOB."

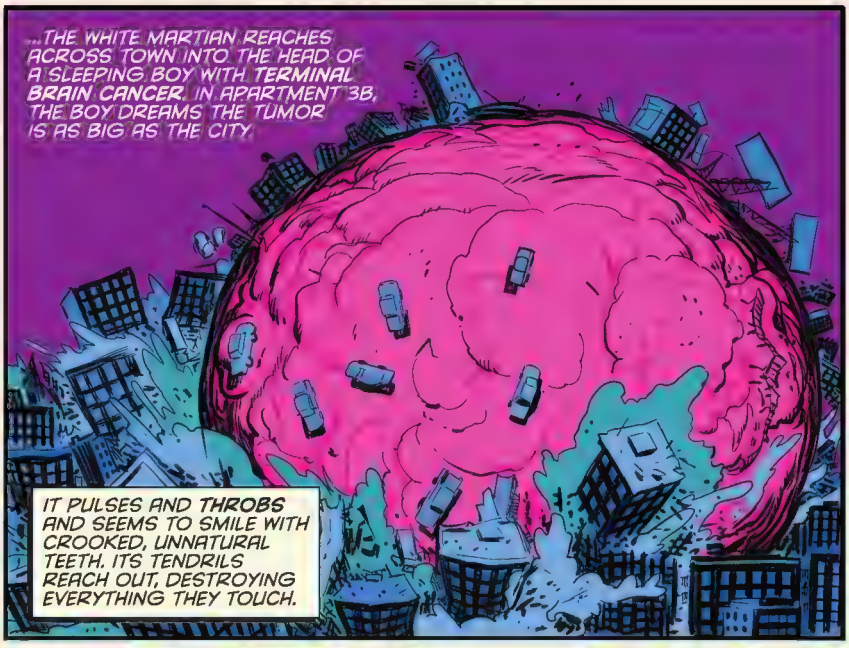

YOUR HUSBAND CAN'T HELP YOU. THE GREEN GUY CAN'T HELP YOU.
NO ONE CAN HELP YOU.
THE SUN WILL NEVER RISE. NO ONE'S COMING.
NO ONE SEES. NOT EVEN GOD.
ISN'T THAT FREEING?
WE ALONE, IN ALL OF HUMAN HISTORY, WILL NOT BE JUDGED.
TOC
THOUGH SOMEHOW I GET THE FEELING THAT IF HE DID SEE, HE'D APPROVE.

NNNRAAAARRH
JOHN?!
WHERE...?!
GET TO HEAD-QUARTERS! THE OFFICE IS FORTIFIED!
HOW--?!
NOTHING CAN TOUCH ME! HOW CAN YOU TOUCH ME?!
GO, BRIDGE!
I'M NOT LEAVING YOU!
RUN!
SMACK
Oh, I SEE. I SEE. YOU'VE GOT BACKUP.
Well, GUESS WHAT?

I GOT BACKUP TOO.
J-John...
YOUR SHORTCUT? NON-EUCLIDEAN--
DISORIENTED BY DARKNESS! HIGH-DIMENSIONAL ESCAPE IS DANGEROUS
IMPASSABLE
IMPOSSIBLE!
WE'RE NIGHT-BLIND!
Who are you talking--?
WE HAVE TO PROTECT THEM!
GET TO TYLER'S ROOM AND LOCK THE DOOR.
WE'RE A TEAM! I'M NOT LEAVING--
GO!

SOMEWHERE VERY HIGH UP-- SPIRITUALLY HIGH, ALL BURNING SYMBOL AND MEANING-- I CAN FEEL TWO MARTIANS FIGHTING OVER MIDDLETON.
FOR THEM-- things made of pure mind-- IT CAN ALL GET A LITTLE ABSTRACT.
A PUNCH IS NOT JUST A PUNCH UP THERE. IT'S A METAPHOR.
Although that particular metaphor looked like it hurt.
CRUNCH
DOWN HERE, EVERYTHING'S MORE LITERAL.
A PUNCH IS JUST A PUNCH.
CLICK
FFFFFF--
GUH!
VIOLENCE IS JUST VIOLENCE.

AS THE MAN IN THE CLOWN JACKET TRIES TO SPILL MY BRAIN OUT ONTO THE HARDWOOD...


...THE WHITE MARTIAN REACHES ACROSS TOWN INTO THE HEAD OF A SLEEPING BOY WITH **TERMINAL BRAIN CANCER.** IN APARTMENT 3B, THE BOY DREAMS THE TUMOR IS AS BIG AS THE CITY.
IT PULSES AND **THROBS** AND SEEMS TO SMILE WITH CROOKED, UNNATURAL TEETH. ITS TENDRILS REACH OUT, DESTROYING EVERYTHING THEY TOUCH.

IN RESPONSE, THE GREEN MARTIAN PULLS OUT THE REVOLUTIONARY BRAIN-CANCER CURE THAT THE YOUNG GIRL IN 4D OF **THAT VERY SAME BUILDING** WILL HELP DEVELOP TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW.

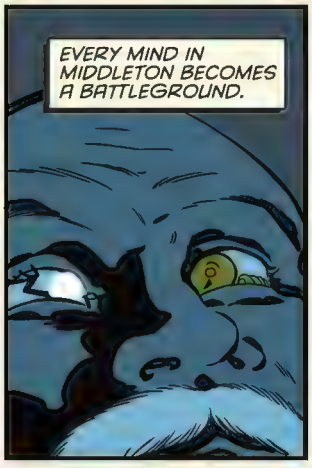
NGHHH
POW

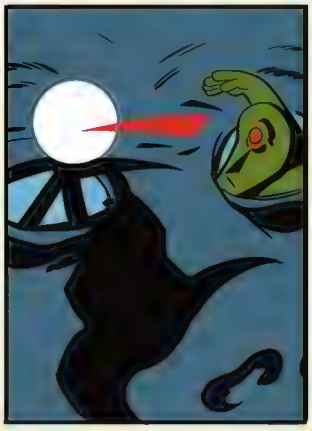
ENOUGH!
CHUD
CHUD
CHUD
CHUD

NEXT, THE WHITE MARTIAN PLUCKS OUT FEAR OF THE ATOMIC BOMB FROM AN AGING HIPPIE. A THOUSAND UPTURNED FACES AS DEATH TRACES A SCREAMING RAINBOW ACROSS THE SKY.
BLAM
THE GREEN MARTIAN SCRAMBLES TO MAKE ONE SMALL CHANGE, TAPPING INTO THAT SAME HIPPIE'S BELIEF IN MILITARY INCOMPETENCE--
WHACK
THUD
THE BOMB IS A DUD.

THE WAR OF GREEN AND WHITE UNFOLDS THE SKY INTO ALIEN GEOMETRIES AND NONSENSE EMOTIONS.
WITH INCOMPREHENSIBLE "THESIS/ANTITHESIS" WEAPONS, LIVING PHILOSOPHIES DEBATE THE LIFE AND DEATH OF WORLDS.

REALITY'S CRUMBLING INFRASTRUCTURE IS COLLATERAL DAMAGE.


EVERY MIND IN MIDDLETON BECOMES A BATTLEGROUND.



ME, I STAY RIGHT HERE.
WHAM

AND LET NOTHING GET BY.

THINGS STOPPED MAKING SENSE A WHILE AGO.
WHITE FLAG OF VICTORY WAVING! SPECIES-WIDE TRAGEDI-ENDING IMMINENT!

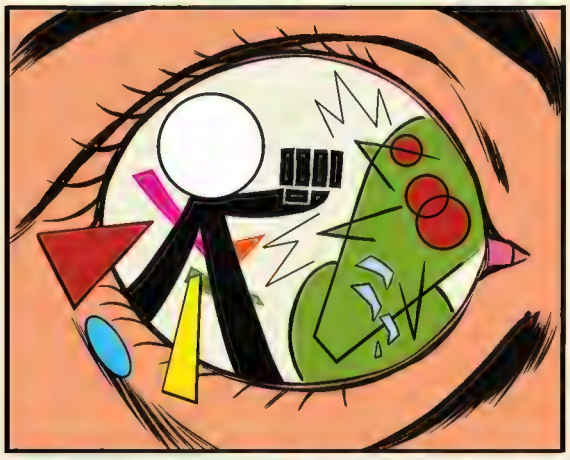
EXPAND
EVOLVE
ENHANCE YOUR VIEW! SEE ALL TO SAVE ALL!

MARTIAN VISION ON ON ON

...BUT ALL I SEE ARE SILHOUETTES TEARING THEMSELVES APART IN THE DARK.
DESPITE THE DARKNESS, I CAN SEE THE WHITE MARTIAN IS CONNECTED TO--
--ENTANGLED WITH--
--THE CHAOS IN THE STREETS. I CAN SEE WE ALL ARE.
WHITE MARTIAN FARMS
EXPRESSES
EMBODIES ANTI-LIFE URGES!

WHY DO WE DO THE THINGS WE DO?
WHY DID I PUSH THEM AWAY, WHEN ALL I WANTED WAS TO HOLD ON TILL MY KNUCKLES TURNED WHITE?
WHO WAS I PROTECTING? THEM? OR MYSELF?
WHAT WAS I SO AFRAID OF?
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
Bridget?
WE'RE A TEAM, JOHN.
WHY COULDN'T I JUST TALK TO MY WIFE?

TYLER...?!
HE'S OKAY. HE'S SAFE.
BUT YOU... YOU'RE HURT...



YOU WERE RIGHT, BRIDGE, YOU WERE RIGHT. I'VE BEEN HIDING...
John--

"...I DON'T WANT TO HIDE ANYMORE."

YES
FINALLY
AT LAST!

EPIPHANIC BREAKTHROUGH!
PARTIAL CONSCIOUSNESS EXPANSION ACHIEVED
INITIATED!
UNLOCKED
MARTIAN VISION ON UPGRADE
Wha--?
JOHN?!

AND SUDDENLY IT'S CLEAR AS DAY. I SEE ALL OF MIDDLETON...
...THE PEOPLE ON THE STREETS, AT LEAST THREE-QUARTERS MAD...

...RUNNING FROM THEIR OWN SHADOWS...
...FIGHTING FIRE AND LOSS, SEEING SENSELESS VIOLENCE EVERYWHERE THEY TURN...

...INCOMPREHENSIBLE FORCES CLASHING ON BATTLEFIELDS BETWEEN THEIR EARS...

...AS THEIR BEAUTIFUL, BRIGHTLY COLORED LIVES SPILL OUT OF THEM.

OOOS

SHOW THEM! LET THEM SEE EACH OTHER AS YOU
WE SEE THEM, AS THEY SEE THEMSELVES.
HOW--?
UPGRADE UNLOCKS NEW ABILITY
KNOWLEDGE
PERCEPTIONS!
Who do you keep--
OPEN YOUR
my
THEIR EYE.
THE MARTIAN'S VOICE
(or is that mine?)
SAYS--
BREATHE IN...
AND THEY DO.
THEY BREATHE IN WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS, ABUSIVE BOYFRIENDS AND CHILDHOOD TRAUMAS.
THEY BREATHE IN FIRST KISSES AND CLINICAL DEPRESSION. THEY BREATHE IN BAD DREAMS. THEY BREATHE IN EVERY KIND OF PAIN. THEY BREATHE IN DISAPPOINTMENT AND DISGRACE AND A DEAD WIFE LOOKING DOWN.
ALL OVER THE CITY, THE PEOPLE OF MIDDLETON GET HIGH ON EACH OTHER.

THE UNIVERSE FLICKERS. WHITE FALTERS EVER SO SLIGHTLY. GREEN SURGES, SEEING ITS CHANCE.

SOMETHING INEXPRESSIBLE HAPPENS. THE MIND TRIES TO MAKE SENSE OF IT THROUGH METAPHOR.
WORDS FAIL.
SLASH!

MESSAGE TO MY FELLOW MARTIANS:

To activate *YOUR* Martianvision, please take the *next page* of the comic book in your hands and hold it up to the light! Use a lamp, a reading light, or the sun itself--it's up to you! See diagram for details!

writer
Denis Camp
art
Javier Rodriguez
letters
Dtemane-Ellman Hassan
cover
Javier Rodriguez
variant covers
Amy Reeder
Dolitch Serrads
#25 variant cover
Riley Rossmo
#50 variant cover
Mark Chiarello

Martian Manhunter created by
Joseph Samachson and Joe Certa

associate editor
Sabrina Pulch
editor
Andrea Shea

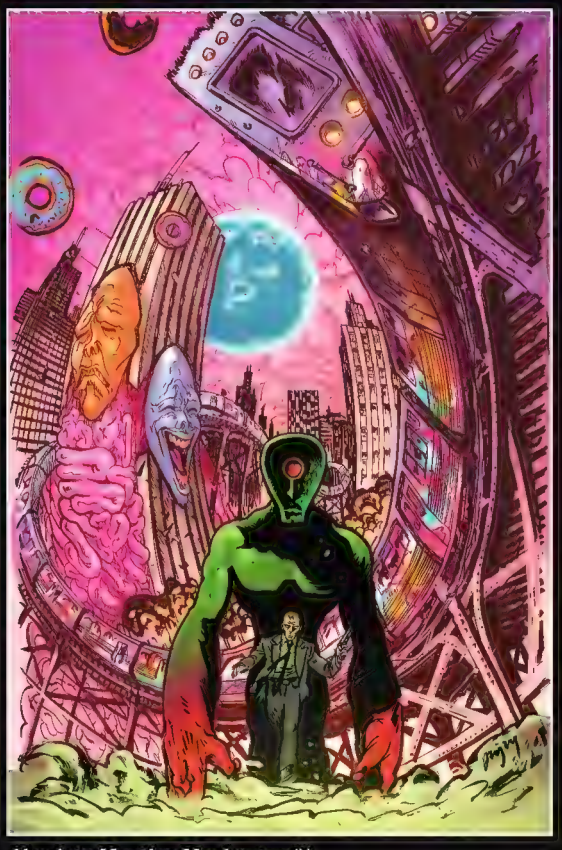
VARIANT COVER GALLERY

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #1**
1:25 variant cover by David Aja

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #1**
variant cover by Marcos Martin

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #1**
variant cover by Rafael Albuquerque

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #1**
second printing variant cover by Gerald Parel



***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #1**
1:50 variant cover by Daniel Warren Johnson
and Mike Spicer

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #2**
variant cover by Christian Ward

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #2**
variant cover by Jeff Spokes

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #2**
1:25 variant cover by Riley Rossmo and Ivan Plascencia

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #2**
1:50 variant cover by Tom Fowler and Chris O'Halloran

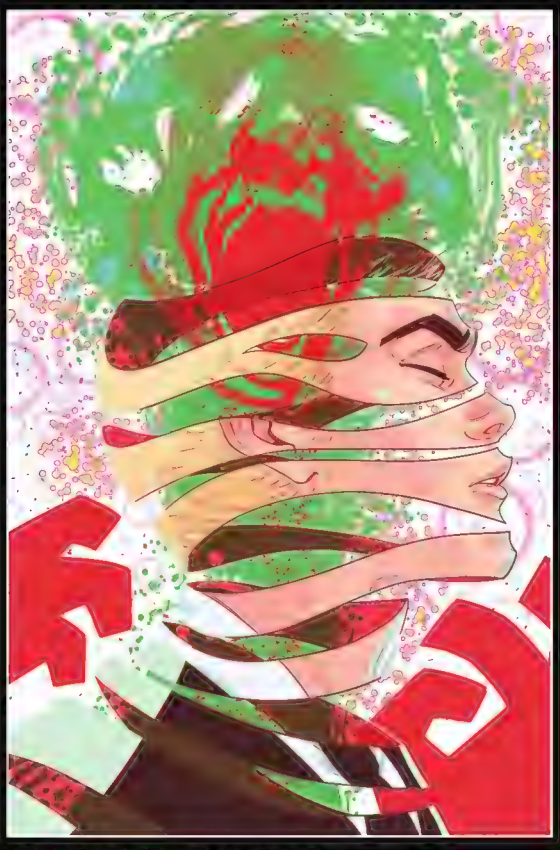
***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #3**
variant cover by Dan Panosian

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #3**
1:25 variant cover by Riley Rossmo and Ivan Plascencia

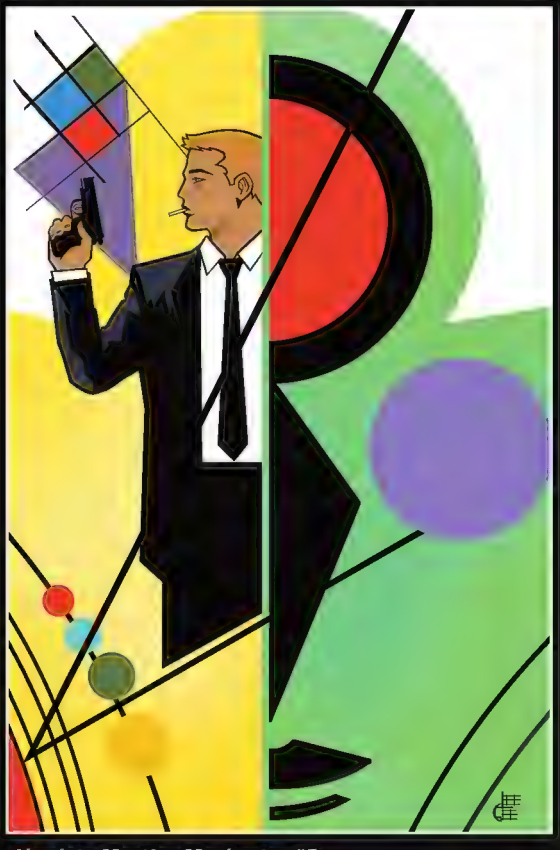
***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #3**
1:50 variant cover by Shawn Crystal

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #4**
variant cover by Derrick Chew

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #4**
1:25 variant cover by Riley Rossmo



***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #4**
1:50 variant cover by Marguerite Sauvage



***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #5**
variant cover by Lee Garbett

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #5**
1:25 variant cover by Riley Rossmo

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #5**
1:50 variant cover by Dustin Nguyen

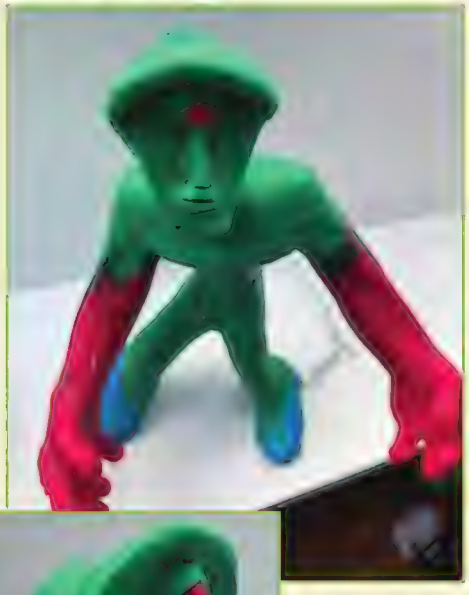
***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #6**
variant cover by Mitch Gerads

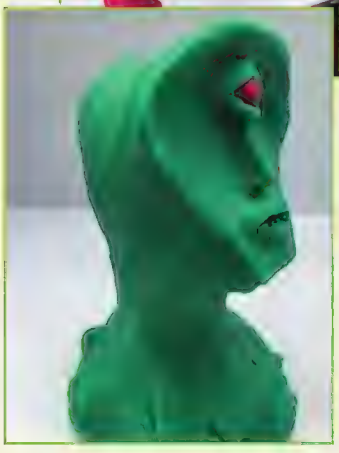
***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #6**
1:25 variant cover by Riley Rossmo

***Absolute Martian Manhunter* #6**
1:50 variant cover by Mark Chiarello

SKETCHES, SCULPTS, AND DESIGNS BY JAVIER RODRÍGUEZ

FBI





ABSOLUTE
MARTIAN
MANHUNTER

FBI

Beyond Mars, beyond physical form, beyond human understanding...

WHAT'S LEFT IS THE ABSOLUTE MARTIAN MANHUNTER!

FBI agent John Jones has a problem. His brain has been infected by an alien consciousness calling itself "the Martian," and its perception of reality is utterly incomprehensible to the human psyche. Now he must navigate this new status quo, even as his hometown of Middleton descends into inexplicable chaos and his day job demands more of him than ever before!

Reinvented from top to bottom by **Deniz Camp** (*Ultimates*, *20th Century Men*) and Eisner Award winner **Javier Rodríguez** (*Zatanna: Bring Down the House*, *Defenders*), *Absolute Martian Manhunter* takes the Justice League's resident Martian on a mind-bending, psychedelic journey that transcends dimensions.

Collects *Absolute Martian Manhunter* #1-6.

VOL. 1

Ages 15+

SON OF ULTRON